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A Journal of Progress

"HUDSON'S BAY CITY"—
Eleven departmental Stores of the H.B.C. in Western Canada.

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

OFFICERS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

II

J. Chadwick Brooks

Assistant Secretary

WITH the clearing up of the Company's war business, advantage is being taken of the present quiet state of trade to bring the Company's organization thoroughly up to date to meet the demands that will inevitably be made when the world's trade definitely revives.

To assist in the work of re-organization, Mr. Brooks has joined the Company's staff, and he brings thereto, beside the soundest professional qualifications (he is a fellow of the Incorporated Secretaries' Association), an unique war record as an organizer and an administrator in Siberia, where he was chief ordnance officer to Koltchak's army of 300,000 men.

Originally destined for the cotton manufacturing business, Mr. Brooks spent four years studying its problems before transferring his energies to the more congenial sphere of educational administration in connection with the universities of Manchester and London. He was subsequently appointed organizing secretary of the British Science Guild, of which Lord Haldane was president.

Then came the war, and Mr. Brooks, as a member of the London Scottish, served in the ranks in France until wounded at Messines in October, 1914, after which, being found unfit for further combatant service, he accepted a commission in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. As an ordnance officer he was sent out to Siberia, and was there entrusted with the formidable task of equipping the armies of the Russian Admiral Koltchak, which he carried through with complete success, and in recognition of which he was awarded the O.B.E. (Military Section).

Physically, Mr. Brooks is an athlete of distinction both at home and abroad, having held the championship for the 100 yards, quarter and half-mile races, and at one time he played cricket in the Lancashire and Yorkshire leagues.

THE ARMS OF CANADA

From a Memorandum Issued by the Dominion Secretary of State

ARMORIAL bearings owe their existence to the need of providing men with some mark of identification. In time of peace this was a matter of no small moment; in time of war a matter of life and death. Until comparatively recent times, as history is reckoned, few men could read; our ancestors had not the advantage of newspaper portraits, moving pictures, and the thousand other ways which we possess of recognizing and identifying people. Heraldry may be termed a form of picture-writing which was worked out in the middle ages to afford a means of recognition. The people of the middle ages had fine artistic perceptions—finer perhaps than those of us their descendants—and in particular they liked bright colours and had excellent taste in using them. The result was that the system which they devised was not only ingenious and practical, but it was beautiful as well. Partly because it is beautiful, and partly because it is useful, the system survived.

Despite our printing, our photographs, our modern inventions, we still make use of emblems, badges and symbols. There is no country that has not a flag as the emblem or symbol of its nationality—a symbol that can be distinguished at a glance. So too the uniform of the soldier indicates the country to which he belongs. The maple leaf at once suggests Canada; the thistle, Scotland; the rose, England; the shamrock, Ireland; the leek, Wales; the lily, France; and each is used as an emblem. The people of the middle ages were orderly, and they reduced to a system this method of appealing to the eye. The coat of arms is the most elaborate form of this system; in it, indeed, the system has become a science. It is curious to note that no country abandons the practice of using armorial bearings; and we may conclude that badges to tell at a glance important facts about people and things are necessary, and that a nation needs emblems and symbols to preserve traditions and inspire love of country. Of these symbols, the coat of arms and the flag are the chief; and while the flag is the more frequently used, the coat of arms is the older, and often is the foundation of the flag.

The coat of arms began in a thoroughly practical manner. Soldiers carried banners bearing the emblems of their chiefs, for uniforms were unknown and would have been too expensive in early times. Every man of importance on going into battle, with the visor of his helmet down, took care to have this identification mark painted on his shield. When he travelled on peaceful occasions, he had it embroidered on his coat; he had it carved in front of his house, and, when lodged at an inn, he announced that he was staying there by hanging up his painted shield outside. Young people of any social position, while they seldom were taught to read or write, were carefully trained in armoury; and, when they came into a town the day before a tournament, they could tell exactly who were there by glancing at the display of shields.

Beginning with a simple use of badges and devices, this expedient was developed into a science which did more than merely identify a man: it contrived to tell in a small amount of space a surprising amount about his social position and family history. From a man's coat of arms it might be possible to tell that his father was still alive—that he was a younger son—that he had contracted an important marriage—that he traced his descent from two or more families of importance—that he belonged to a younger branch of his family, and so forth. For example, the arms of the Prince of Wales are the royal arms with certain marks upon them which indicate that he is an eldest son whose father is still alive; while the arms of the Duke of Connaught are the royal arms with certain other marks which show that he is a younger son of a sovereign. And again, "quarterings" on a shield show that the possessor is descended from more than one family entitled to bear arms; and what are called "differences" indicate that the bearer belongs to a junior branch of the family.

This matter of quarterings and differences is important enough to warrant a little attention. A coat of arms is a sort of family possession, shared in various ways by the several members of a family. To take an imaginary case, we may suppose that early in the middle ages some man assumed or was granted arms. These might be very simple, say a gold band slanting across a blue field. Each eldest son, on succeeding to the leadership of the family, would inherit the right to that simple device; and, if the family were to continue in unbroken line to the present day, the arms would still retain the original simple form, unless through marriage the arms of other families had meanwhile been incorporated in the shield. But the younger sons of the founder would use their father's arms with some modification, such as some object in the field or on the band, or as a border about the shield, this being a "difference." As each younger son set up a branch of the family, the process would begin again, the eldest sons inheriting the simpler form, the younger sons adding differences. The right to the arms would be shared by the daughters, and this led to "quartering." From time to time a man entitled to bear arms would marry a lady entitled to arms in her own right. Originally, in such a case, two shields would be used; this being inconvenient, the arms were halved, or in the technical language of heraldry, "impaled," the husband's being on the right (the spectator's left). And if the wife was, in an heraldic sense, an heiress—that is to say, if she had no brother—her children would quarter her arms: in other words, they would divide the family shield into four quarters, putting their father's arms and their mother's arms in alternate divisions. Subsequent marriages might lead to fresh quarterings, and a family of considerable antiquity may thus embody in its arms a number of coats, each indicative of a marriage and of descent.

A knowledge of both of these technical processes is necessary to the understanding of the arms of Canada.

The royal arms are what are termed in heraldry "arms of dominion." They are the personal arms of the king, and yet they are his personal arms because he is king. For example, Henry VII was a Tudor, and as head of that family had the Tudor arms; but he did not use them, and did not incorporate them in the royal arms. Family has succeeded family on the throne, and the changes made in the arms have had regard to the countries concerned, and not to the families.

The royal arms of England were a red shield with three golden lions. Edward III claimed the crown of France, and signified his claim by assuming and quartering the royal arms of France—a blue shield with golden fleurs-de-lys; from that time onward the kings of England bore as their arms a shield divided into four, with the arms of France in the first and fourth and those of England in the second and third divisions, France occupying the place of honour by right of seniority. In this form the arms continued until the accession of the Stuarts. James I was reigning king of Scotland, and as such bore the royal arms of Scotland, a golden shield with a red lion enclosed in what is called a double tressure, a sort of border of two thin lines; he added the arms of Scotland to those of England and France, and also added the arms of Ireland, a blue field with a golden harp. When George I ascended the throne, he added the arms of Hanover, and the royal arms combined those of England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Hanover. Thus, when Canada became part of the British empire, her new king bore the fleur-de-lys. In 1803 George III dropped the arms of France, and Queen Victoria on her accession dropped those of Hanover, as she did not succeed to that throne. Thus, the royal arms assumed the form with which we are familiar, a combination of the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland.

By the term "arms" is meant the device inscribed on the shield. Armorial bearings include not merely the arms, but also certain accessories, such as the crest, the supporters and the motto. The crest originally was a device placed on top of a knight's helmet to help distinguish him when the visor was down. Persons of a certain rank were allowed to have their shield flanked by representations of human beings or animals, these being termed "supporters." The use of a motto is familiar to all. In addition to these, custom has sanctioned the use of certain embellishments which properly speaking are not part of the arms. The crest is often placed on a helmet, which latter is displayed in different positions for persons of different ranks; when an elaborate decoration is desired, the helmet is draped in what is termed "mantling," a survival of the lambrequin or cloth which covered the helmet as a protection against rain and sun; as this was supposed to be slashed and cut in battle, the folds of the mantling are represented with deeply indented edges. Occasionally other ornaments are used, such as a display of symbolic flowers between the shield and the scroll upon which the motto is shown. These are but matters of personal fancy, and are not part of the "achievement of arms," as the combination of arms, crest, supporters and motto is termed.

Returning to our history, the crest of the kings of England was the lion in the position with which we are familiar; and the English supporters were two lions, one on each side of the shield,

while there were two mottoes—*Honi soit qui mal y pense* ("Dishonoured be he who thinks ill of it") and the battle-cry *Dieu et mon Droit* ("God and my Right"). The crest of Scotland is a lion sitting up, facing the spectator, a dagger in one paw and a sceptre in the other; the supporters were two unicorns, one on each side of the shield, each carrying a banner; and there are two mottoes—*Nemo me impune lacessit* ("No one harms me with impunity"), and *In defens.* King James VI of Scotland, on becoming James I of England, took for supporters one lion and one unicorn; and since then, as the old nursery rhyme reminds us, the lion and the unicorn have confronted each other.

At this point an interesting thing is to be observed. King James I and the sovereigns who followed him lived usually in England, where their armorial bearings are arranged so as to exhibit England as the senior partner; the English crests and mottoes are used instead of the Scottish; the lion supporter is put on the right of the shield, the unicorn on the left; the banners disappear, and the English arms displayed in the first quarter are repeated in the fourth, the Scottish arms being in the second and the Irish in the third. But in Scotland the royal arms are arranged differently, the attitude of the Scots being that His Majesty the King of Scotland happens to reign over other realms as well. The crest and mottoes are those of Scotland; the unicorn is on the right, the lion on the left of the shield; and within the shield Scotland takes the first and fourth quarters, England the second and Ireland the third. In England the king has one achievement of arms, and in Scotland he has another. This fact has a direct bearing on our problem in Canada.

The question of the arms of Canada until now has remained in an unsatisfactory position. His Majesty is king of Canada as well as of his other dominions; and in Canada the royal arms, in their English form, always have been freely used. Soon after confederation a great seal was required for Canada, and a design was approved by a royal warrant dated 26 May, 1868. This design displayed, quarterly, the arms of the four confederated provinces—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; it was not used for the great seal, but it was gradually adopted as the arms of Canada. From time to time other provinces came into the confederation, and it was a common practice to add their arms to the original design, with the final result that it was not unusual to see, jumbled together on one shield, the arms of all nine provinces. It had long been felt that this was open to objection; and a committee, appointed to submit proposals, recommended the adoption of a coat of arms which has since been approved by the government and authorized by the king.

Countries sometimes have national flags denoting not kingship but race. The English, for example, from the time of the second crusade, bore as their banner the red cross of St. George on a white field, while the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field was the banner of the Scots. These banners were combined in 1707, when the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united; in 1801, the cross of St. Patrick was added (white on a red field); and thus the union jack became the national flag as distinguished from the royal standard.

Turning again to the arms of Canada, three facts are worthy of attention. First, that Canadians stand to their king in as close a relation as do any of his subjects elsewhere; secondly, that Canada, an integral part of the British empire, has emerged from the war a member of the league of nations; and, lastly, that Canada was founded by the men of four different races—French, English, Scottish and Irish—and that Canadians inherit the language, laws, literature and glory—and the arms—of all four mother countries. Upon these three considerations has been based the achievement of arms which the king has authorized Canada to bear.

The arms are those of England, Scotland, Ireland and France, with a "difference" to mark them as Canadian, namely, on the lower third of the shield, a sprig of maple on a silver field.

The crest is a lion holding in its paw a red maple leaf, a symbol of sacrifice.

The supporters are, with some slight distinctions, the lion and unicorn of the royal arms. the lion upholds the union jack, and the unicorn the ancient banner of France.

The motto is new—*A mari usque ad mare*—"From sea to sea," or, in a phrase familiar in Canadian politics and Canadian literature, "ocean to ocean." It is an extract from the Latin version of verse 8 of the 72nd Psalm, which in the authorized version is: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." The Latin reads: *Et dominabitur a mari usque ad mare, et a flumine usque ad terminos orbis terrarum.* There is a tradition that the fathers of confederation derived the designation "Dominion" from this verse.

HE RAVED TOO

"Did you buy that twenty-five guinea frock you were raving over?"

"Yes."

"What did your husband think of it?"

"Why—er—he raved over it, too."

Modern Exploration and H.B.C.

By LUCAS G. THOMPSON

THE part played by the Hudson's Bay Company in the exploration of the northern and western parts of Canada up to the Deed of Surrender in 1870 is well known to the student of Canadian history. The part that H.B.C. is playing today in aiding the explorer is not so readily realized, and it might be of interest even to the Company's servants to review this position from the explorer's standpoint.

The first point which must strike one is how very little is known about the northern part of Canada. For practically fifty per cent. of Canada there are no accurate maps, save along a few main arteries of trade; there is no definite knowledge of natural resources, and there is no permanent settlement, save that around fur trading posts and missions.

Exploration, as now carried on, divides itself roughly under three heads: (1) government, (2) exploration companies, (3) individual efforts.

The government exploration is done mainly through the department of the interior and the department of mines, the results finding expression in maps, annual reports and memoirs.

Private exploration companies usually are interested in searching for minerals, oil, or timber. Their results are jealously guarded, though some unimportant details may be given out in articles in magazines and technical journals.

Individual explorers are of the hardy types of prospectors and trappers. While their stay is seldom of long duration, these, the restless brethren of the earth, are the forerunners of civilization in the vast lonely places.

The Hudson's Bay Company, through long experience in the exigencies of the fur trade, has placed posts in all the more important strategical positions in northern Canada, and the influence of the Company in aiding in the exploration, while unassertive, is very great. A letter of credit from the Company is in a sense a passport, a letter of introduction carrying all the privileges of warm welcome and ready hospitality which are regarded as typical of the north country.

It has been the writer's privilege to explore in the first two capacities in northern Manitoba. Experience has led to the conclusion that, in all matters pertaining to outfitting for a long journey, it is a wise precaution to outfit at one of the larger posts of the Company, such as the Pas or Winnipeg, where long experience in the kind of goods required is combined with wide range of choice.

Up north, I find, you can get what you want *if* they have it and *if* you can pay the price. Did you ever realize the cost of canoe freight on fur trade prices? Try to buy a package of *needles* up north and you will see.

If the main profits of outfitting the explorer go into the big posts, what profit is there to the distant post? Generally none; yet some of the most pleasant experiences are the warm welcome and ready friendship offered without expectation of profit or sordid gain.

The post factors are always most helpful in giving useful information. The business of fur trading generally keeps a man close to his post and a few main routes, but the amount of data on canoe routes and lakes that a factor can get from an Indian by chattering Cree for ten minutes is amazing. The most reliable canoemen can always be obtained through the Hudson's Bay Company posts. As a family's record is known through several generations and the individual's qualities for honesty and efficiency are in the Company's records, the factor's advice is almost essential. In case of accident to supplies, the distant post can always supply the bare essentials if not the luxuries.

These are the mere business details of exploring. The average post seen in a photograph is a bare desolate huddle of cabins in a desert barren of trees. When seen in the wilderness, it looks like a fairy city, and one realizes that the treeless waste is a mere protection from fire. After months without seeing a human being, its lights across the lake mean the joys of warmth, comfort, a friendly welcome and the "latest news."

This is just a brief sketch of one of the unobtrusive angles of the Company's activities seen from the point of view of the exploring geologist. At first glance it is a small thing, yet the Company's aid in the advance of Canadian civilization is a cumulation of these small things and the result is a big thing.

THE PAS

An Oldtimer in the Saskatchewan Country Discusses Origin of the Name

By REV. J. HINES

NOTE: Reverend Hines spent nearly half a century in the Saskatchewan country and is thoroughly familiar with people, places and conditions in that region.

THE advent of the "Iron Horse" into The Pas brought with it an influx of people. Many of the settlers were French. Old and familiar names in the district began to be replaced with French names, much to the dissatisfaction of many of the old-timers. Hence a Mr. MacDowell, onetime member for Saskatchewan in the federal house of parliament, wrote to the Prince Albert *Herald* asking why "Coles' Falls" had put on a new name and was to be known in future as "La Colle Falls."

I have been in the neighbourhood of these falls since 1874, and to my certain knowledge they have always been known as the "Coles' Falls." Mr. MacDougall, late chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, referring to the same falls, made plain the reason they received their first name. He said they were called after a Mr. Coles, an Englishman and one of the Hudson's Bay Company's directors. There is a rapid lower down the same river known as the "Toban's Rapids." This also was named after someone holding a prominent position in the Company.

Mr. MacDowell and Chief Factor MacDougall had questions to ask about "Le Pas." Mr. MacDougall, in his remarks, said "The Pas" was an Indian word pronounced *Pahes* and took its name from the Pas river, and that this river in turn took its name from the Pas mountain, called "Pasquia Hills," all of which is interesting but not quite in order, as I shall hope to show later on.

History tells us that one Peter Pond sent a memorial to the governor of Quebec in 1785, and with it a map which did not give the name Saskatchewan on it, but referring to the same river said it was called by the natives "Pasquia river." I doubt very much the truth of this statement, as *Saskatchewan* is an Indian word, properly written and pronounced *Kis-siskatchewan,* which means either an angry or rapidly flowing stream. *Kis-se-wa-se-win,* is "anger;" *Kis-sepuyoo* is "it moves quickly" or "it goes fast." But whether *Kis-sis,* the first two syllables of *Kissiskatchewan,* are taken from *Kis-se-wa-se-win* or from *Kis-se-pu-yoo* is not certain, but as it is an Indian word, it must have had its name among the Indians at the time Peter Pond wrote.

The little lake shown on the map in question, and called Lake Pasquia, I might be able to locate if I saw the map, but suffice it to say that the country south of Cumberland is full of lakes and swamps. It is just possible that the lake mentioned is at the foot of the mountain (Pasquia Hills) and is called at the present time Shoal lake, or it may be Goose lake, situated near the delta of the Sepanuk and Carrot rivers.

Referring to a report of Alexander Henry, Peter Pond says: "On the 20th of August, 1808, we were sailing across Lake Winnipeg (presumably from Norway House to Grand Rapids) to the outlet of the Saskatchewan river." He speaks of passing "Moosenose" island, which I do not know, and "Horse" island, which is about fifteen miles out in Lake Winnipeg from the mouth of the Saskatchewan river, which river, he says, was called by the French, *Riviere du Pas* (the Pas river).

I can quite understand why the French called the river by this name, since the Pas was a noted place, and situated at the mouth of the Pas, or "Pasquia" river, there was no doubt a French trading post.

As all boats coming into the country with supplies for this post would reach it first in coming up the Saskatchewan river, the river would naturally be associated with the post and so called the Pas, or "Pasquia" river.

At the same time, it is certainly confusing to have the same name applied by the French to the Saskatchewan river and also to the little river running into it, now known as the

Pas river. On the 24th August, four days later, Henry speaks of being near the Pas, for he says, "At 11 o'clock we entered the main channel of the Saskatchewan river, and soon after reached the Pas. This place may be said to be the first real dry land we have found since we left Lac Bourbon (Cedar lake)."

It is most interesting to me to hear of the flooded condition of the lower reaches of the Saskatchewan in 1808. The main channel mentioned is now called *Namowunakak* (the place where all channels lead into one). This is about sixteen miles below the Pas, and it is evident, both from what Henry says and from the time it took his party to reach the Pas from Lake Winnipeg, that they took Indian guides, and that, instead of following the course of the river, they sailed overland from Cedar lake, never touching the Saskatchewan river until they reached this main channel he mentions—a course I have followed many a time during my residence at the Pas.

I have spoken about this low-lying country around the Pas on previous occasions, and I daresay have been disbelieved, but now the dead, as it were, are rising up to bear testimony to the truth of my remarks.

It also appears from Henry's report that the French, who had once occupied a position at the Pas, had abandoned it at the time he wrote (1808), and I have reason for believing that the Pas was not occupied again by a trading company until after the Church of England misson was established there in 1840.

It then became evident that the Indians intended to congregate around that mission, and thus they purchased their present site from the present chief's uncle, the oldest member of his family and the recognized head of the band at that time.

Returning again to Henry's journal of 1808, we find various names given by different men to the Saskatchewan river; but this is not to be wondered at, as Cree was at that time an unwritten language, and anyone who attempted to write down a Cree word had nothing to guide him but sounds, and so wrote the word phonetically according to his own judgment.

Hence we find Harmon writing, in 1808, *Sisiskatchewan*. Had Mr. Harmon made the first letter a "k" instead of an "s" he would have been correct. Tannor has *Saskajawun, Saskutchawun, Saskowjawun* and *Saskawjewun*. These different modes of spelling the same word arose from the fact that there was no orthography in existence at that early date for the spelling of Cree words.

The map of British North America ordered to be printed by the British house of commons July 12, 1819, shows, we are told, Cumberland house as a trading depot, but no mention is made of the Pas or of the "*Riviere du Pas*." This also tends to corroborate the statement I have just made that the Pas was unoccupied by a trading company for many years. The Hudson's Bay Company had its head depot at Cumberland on the lake, called by the Indians *Minnistekoominnahikooskak*, literally "Pine Island lake." I suppose the officers of the H.B.C. were afraid of getting entangled in this long word, and so we find them calling the place by its present name, Cumberland.

We have, as a recent writer has told us, "The Pas," "Au Pas," "Du Pas" mentioned in these early records.

My knowledge of the French language is nil, yet I venture to ask those who do know French if such words as *Paskoica, Pasquoyah, Pasquia* and *Basquia* convey to them any meaning? We are told in the journals of 1808 that the early French travellers bequeathed the above names to us who come after. I am positive that these words have no meaning in the Cree language, and yet there is sufficient in their composition to convince me that they are taken from a Cree word, viz., the present and original Cree name of the Pas. In other words, they are a corruption and abbreviation of that word. All Indian names have a meaning, especially when they refer to places, and they have some reference to some characteristics of the places so named. This is exactly what we find at the Pas. *Wupow* means "narrows" (a strait), *Wupaskwayou* means "narrows between woods." *Wupas-Kwayak* is written in the locative form and indicates the place spoken of. Thus *Wupas-Kwayak* means the place where the water narrows down to a

channel or strait bounded on either side by woods. This illustration is sufficient to show my readers how expressive the Cree language is, and what a number of English words are required to express what one compound word in the Cree language is capable of expressing.

In going down the Saskatchewan in summer when the country is flooded, or by dog train in winter, when about twenty miles from the Pas, one is able to discern at the left a streak of woods on the horizon which seems to extend toward the Pas. This is a strip of land covered more or less with small timber and leading from Rocky lake to the Big Eddy and the Pas.

About five miles further on, by looking to the right hand one observes a similar streak of wooded country which also seems to lead toward the Pas. This streak on the right is the low-lying strip of country upon which the present C.N.R. line runs into the Pas. The land lying between the river and these two ridges in summer, if the water is high, is inundated. But, approaching the Pas, this wide expanse of water narrows down until finally it converges into the Saskatchewan river, which forms the channel or strait and passes through the ridge of timber at the Pas, hence its name *Wupas-Kwayak* (the place where the water narrows down to a channel or strait, bounded on either side by woods).

Soon after passing by the present townsite, the country falls flat again and assumes an appearance similar to that on the west side.

Now I ask my readers to look at the word *Wupas-Kwayow*. It may readily be seen how the word became corrupted and abbreviated into the forms presented to us by the early French travellers as a souvenir of their visit. Finding the word, no doubt, too long and cumbersome to pronounce, they took out the very heart of the Cree name and called it *Pas-Kwa*, spelt by them *Pasquia*, *Pasquayh*, etc., while others adopted the second syllable only and called the place the "Pas." I do not think for a moment that the intention was to convey a French meaning to the name of the place, and feel equally certain that the words used by them are not in the French vocabulary.

H.B.C. Transport Notes

The H.B.Ss. *Nascopie* left Montreal on July 8th with a full cargo for Hudson Bay posts. Mr. F. C. Ingrams, secretary to the governor and committee, Mrs. Ingrams and Master Robert Ingrams went as passengers. Captain Smellie is in command and Captain Mack, superintendent of Bay transport, was also aboard on his annual trip.

The H.B.Ss. *Bayeskimo* left Montreal for Labrador and Baffin Island post on July 15th. Mr. R. Parsons, district manager of St. Lawrence-Labrador, was aboard and will visit the new Baffin Island posts.

The H.B.Ss. *Lady Kindersley* reported at Nome, Alaska, on July 8th *en route* to the Western Arctic.

The H.B.Ss. *Athabasca River* made several successful trips during the month and has fulfilled all expectations regarding power and speed.

Larry Williams Drowned

LARRY Williams, post manager, Graham, son of Jabez Williams, H.B.C. manager at Port Hope, was accidentally drowned at Sioux Lookout on June 21st.

The actual cause of the accident is unknown, but it is presumed that Mr. Williams, who was trying out a motor canoe, fell overboard, as the canoe was found on the beach undamaged, with the throttle wide open and all the gasoline expended.

Mr. Williams leaves a wife and three children, to whom the sympathy of the fur trade employees is extended. Mr. H. Williams, post manager at Nipigon, is a brother of the deceased.

J. H. A. Wilmot, accountant, Lake Superior district, with Mrs. Wilmot and child visited Winnipeg for a few days' holiday during July.

J. J. Loutit, manager of Chipewyan post, McKenzie-Athabasca district, was in Winnipeg July 26th on Company's business.

N. W. M. J. McKenzie, of Fort William, retired inspector of the fur trade, was in Winnipeg July 26th and called on the fur trade commissioner and other oldtime friends.

Sir William Schooling at Work on New H.B.C. History

SIR William Schooling of London, H.B.C. historian, and author of the 250th anniversary brochure, visited Winnipeg last month while on his Canadian tour. He proceeded to Vancouver and Fort St. James, B.C., and will return to Winnipeg this month preparatory to going to Norway House with James Thomson, former fur trade and land commissioner. Sir William is collecting data throughout the Dominion for a new and complete history of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Mr. Braidwood Returns from England

—Confers with London Board, Visits Great British Stores and Flies from Paris to England.

ASSISTANT Stores Commissioner James S. Braidwood returned to Winnipeg July 12th after a six-weeks' business trip to England.

Four weeks were spent by Mr. Braidwood in London, where he was busily engaged with members of the board, all of whom take a keen interest in matters pertaining to the H.B.C. stores department and the further development of the Company's mercantile business in Canada.

Modern store methods as practised in the metropolis also engaged Mr. Braidwood's attention, and he spent considerable time in the following world famous establishments, examining into systems: *Debenham and Freebody, Marshall and Snellgrove, Selfridge's Limited, Harrods Limited, Dickens and Jones and Whiteley's.* Every courtesy was extended him by members of these firms to study their methods. Some interesting hours were also spent in the manufacturing departments of Debenham's Limited, where a great variety of specialty goods are made.

A trip to Paris was made and arrangements completed through Debenham's Limited for a Hudson's Bay stores Paris agency. Mr. Braidwood had the interesting experience of returning from Paris to London by airplane. The flight required only two and one half hours. The fare is little in excess of that charged by train and channel boat, being six pounds, one way.

Mr. Braidwood was enabled to make a short visit to the scenes of his boyhood in Scotland after twenty years, and, while in the north, took the opportunity of going to Gleneagles during the one-thousand-guineas golf tournament of the *Glasgow Herald*. There he saw many of the world's leading professionals in action on one of the most picturesque and finest of all golf courses.

In regard to conditions in the British Isles as seen by Mr. Braidwood, he said that of course the changes were many and varied since his last visit. He was particularly impressed with the serious unemployment, especially on the Clyde, due to the great decline in shipbuilding, and in the coal districts, where production is at a minimum.

Something That Died

YEARS and years ago, there was something in you and in myself that died. Something—an indescribable, intimate part of our being—died, without you or I being any the wiser. Years and years later—yesterday, today—we discover the loss, and regret vainly and vaguely.

A very old man once said to me: "My wife had been dead for five years before I discovered how much I loved her. And now—well, I am still discovering, still discovering."

So it is. You and I, at twenty years, suddenly remember a passionate love of something we held at ten; at thirty we regret infinitely the May-blossomed dream of twenty. Something! A vision, maybe, of happiness amid surroundings of blue hued skies; soft winds to waft upon the cheek; rose scents to mingle with the breezes; and laughter and music delicately to sound upon the ear. Maybe a simple thing; a small home, and smaller rooms, wall-papered prettily; very white linen and very sweet china; and a voice very near, and very beloved.

A moment's vision, bred by a moment's leisure, treasured a moment's space; then lost in the fullness of the succeeding moment; remembered awhile later; then allowed to drift—drift to the bottom of the sea of forgotten things.

Dead! And dead without your knowledge, to be discovered by a sudden vision of its skeleton years and years later.

"Five years before I found out how much I loved her . . . "

Is it not so, my friend?

It is the sudden remembrance of the "something that died" that tells us how old we are. It is better still that it tells us how young we were.

Philosophical, my friend, I agree. Yet, cannot you remember one instance of the "something that died?" If not, then I am sorry for you.—*C.J.C.*

$2 For Best Last Line

LIMERICK NO. 2

There was a young lady of Clewer
Who was riding a bike and it threw her,
When a butcher came by
And said, "Miss, don't cry."

FOR the best fifth or final line to the above, received before August 25th, *The Beaver* will pay $2 cash. Your last line must rhyme with the first two lines and be of the same metre. Each contestant may submit not more than five last lines. Address all communications to *Puzzle Editor, The Beaver.*

LAST MONTH'S RESULTS

PRIZE for last month's best last line for the "Chicken Thief" limerick (page 9, col. 1, July issue) was awarded to John McMurray, accounting department, Winnipeg. Mr. McMurray's line read, "*'Twas a medley of 'owls and fouls.*"

Contestants deserving special mention are: *Isaac G. Daft,* night porter, H.B.C. retail, Victoria—"*He decamped with two terrible h-owls.*"

Eva Moffett, H.B.C. retail, Edmonton—"*He said, 'Those fowls howl like owls'.*"

J. F. Tennant, retired from fur trade, Winnipeg—"*He knew they were nothing but h-owls.*"

Miss A. Wood, H.B.C. retail, Calgary—"*He wished for a few shielding cowls.*"

M. Runciman, H.B.C. retail, Vancouver,—"*Oh, my, what a face full of scowls.*"

G. T. J. Russell, Dartmouth, N.S.—"*He flung them as feed to the ghouls.*"

Cyril E. Louth, Yorkton, Sask.—"*His face became clouded with scowls.*"

G. Foster, H.B.C. retail, Winnipeg—"*He released them with hideous howls.*"

Passing the Spring Out

By O-GE-MAS-ES

(Little Clerk)

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THE PAS itself has now become well known as the centre of about one of the biggest muskrat swamps in the west; and rats mean mink. But for fine fur, such as marten, fisher, lynx and bear, the bulk of these were secured at the mountain (Pasquia Hills). Two bands of Indians divided this country into hunting grounds. One of these was headed by *O-sow-usk*, who was on friendly terms with the Company (when the word Company is written it always means the Hudson's Bay Co.) and most of whose followers were christianized; the other band had for a leader *Ki-say-the-nish*, and they were all still pagans, but mighty hunters before the Lord, like Nimrod of old. They were on bad terms with the Company at that time and had a resident free-trader living with them named Daniel from Red river.

I tackled the chief late one night after our usual chess game to let me pass the spring out at the mountain, and held forth as bait the prospect of reconciliation with *Ki-say-the-nish*. Finally I got his consent, but he insisted that I take an old and experienced voyageur with me in whom he placed great confidence but for whom I did not care, one Pierre Marcellais, a French half-breed.

The plan was that we were to leave The Pas about March the 20th with two trains of dogs and part of the outfit, the dogs to continue hauling as long as sleighing was good; then we were to get two birch-bark canoes built up there and return to The Pas about the end of May when the fur season ended. In the meantime, I had to work doubly hard at the district accounts. My, but the time dragged! But at last the day for departure came and we made a start, camping at Birch river that night.

Next day we reached *O-sow-usk's* camp early. The old man was benevolent and kind and felt very flattered to have a Company clerk camped beside him, and styled me *Noo-sis-im* (grandson), and I called him *Moo-choom* (grandfather). We had a leather tepee made of smoked caribou skins from Lac

du Brochet. Fresh spruce brush was constantly put down in the tent for a carpet. Our trading goods were all piled at the back, but edibles had to be staged higher than Haman, for train dogs are omniverous as well as carniverous. Next day I sent Pierre and an Indian boy back for two more loads and I busied myself calling at the various camps, trading where possible and hunting between times.

Most of the *Ki-say-the-nish* band were still far out on their wintering grounds and would only come in on the last ice, so I did not intend tackling them until open water. The first geese were just arriving from the south and everyone was longing for a taste of fresh game after the eternal fish diet. Then I met with a nasty accident.

I had taken the dogs, and old *Moo-choom* for company, to visit a camp a few miles away. The winter trail cut straight across country, but ice on the rivers was bad, in fact gone out in some cases, and one had to be careful to make detours where necessary. At one of these places the dogs bolted down the winter trail in spite of my yelling "Cha, cha," at the top of my voice. Fortunately, I had trailing a long tail-line of buffalo raw-hide, which I at once grabbed. About the middle of the Man river the ice gave way and the dogs broke through, I, in the meantime, keeping along the firmer ice on the side. But for an overhanging and partly submerged tree we might have come through all right. The first dogs went under, but the steer dog (*Mo-kose*), who always was in trouble, stuck his head up and the force of the current pinned him there. As the tree was rising and falling it looked as if all the dogs would drown.

I started in to clean up the mess, the old Indian praying me to be careful. When I got close enough to *Mo-kose* I made a smash at his head with my fist. He dodged and I struck the collar irons at the back of his neck and drove them nearly through my hand. This cleared the dogs all right and away they went down stream. Just then the bottom ice I was standing on gave way and down I went, and, but for a knot in the tail-line, it would have been "all day" for me, as I would have gone under the ice. By this time the dogs had reached firm ice and struggled out, assisted by the Indian, and their steady weight pulled me to safety. My hand (the right one) swelled badly, and I was in great distress for fear it would stop my goose shooting. Here is where *Moo-choom* came in; for when we got back to camp he took full charge of the treatment and in a week I was as well as ever. Daily a fine powder of some precious root was applied to the wound, while I had to drink freely of a decoction of the same —but naturally the medicine man had to be compensated.

This was about the last of the sleighing, and indeed we all were delighted to see winter slowly relaxing its grasp on the land. I made a stand and put up some goose decoys, this at the mouth of a small creek where a little pond of open water had formed. My best hunt was five in hand one day out of seven knocked down; but I had a glorious view of a large Arctic swan, evidently a male bird, who settled in the pond only some thirty yards or so from my stand. Such a handsome creature and so graceful! What a neck and plumage! I was much too interested watching him to think of shooting, and finally away he went. It appears his mate had been shot that day by one of the Indians and the poor fellow was lonely. It has been a matter of great satisfaction to me ever since that I spared his life.

At last, spring! With ducks and all summer birds and open water! Thank goodness! So we were able to get two nets down again and feed up our poor dogs, who had been on very scant rations for some time. I heard the *Ki-say-the-nish* band was in and camping along a small river some fifteen miles away, busy gathering in the egg harvest and also catching mink and muskrat. When I told Pierre we would start in a day or two for these Indians I noted he was very sulky; but this I passed over.

Our large canoe was just getting the finishing touches and was about ready for the gum. This was applied by the squaws, and I amused myself watching them. Finally we had a small trading outfit packed in bales and, placing the rest of the goods in charge of *O-sow-usk*, away we went one fine morning, I in the bow with my gun ready for anything in the shape of game. For, my dear reader, we had no ample store of provisions to draw on—simply

some tea and sugar and a very little flour for emergencies—so the task of supplying the larder was a daily one.

The Carrot river expands here to Red-Mud lake, so called from a fine red clay found on its shores. Ash and elm trees are also found here, the only place I have seen them in Saskatchewan.

We made straight across the middle of the lake and had gone just about half way when the canoe was whirled around and I found myself facing homeward.

"What is the matter, Pierre?"

"I won't go to those Indians. They are bad, and will poison us both. We are going back."

Jumping around and facing Pierre, I rocked the canoe violently and took in about a bucket of water; then, in a loud voice, I cried: "Turn round, you old scamp, unless you want to swim ashore."

In two minutes I had the old man at my mercy, for he could not swim and was nervous in a canoe, while it happened that I was brought up in Lakefield (close to Peterboro), where the famous canoes originated and part of my boyish pleasures was in testing the various models turned out by honest Tom Gordon, of Lakefield, who was undoubtedly the inventor.

Pierre was now bowsman, very quiet and obedient. After a pleasant paddle we sighted the Indian camps, all moose-skin tepees I noted. "These are bushmen and fine fur hunters alright," was my inward comment. Running our canoe up the little creek, we landed right amongst them, and, as the custom is, I went to shake hands with the Indians. Nothing doing. They simply paid no attention to us. No swells in the upper ten thousand could have treated us with more silent contempt than these unlettered savages. I walked towards the canoe and Pierre hissed out, "I told you so; worse things will happen yet." "Quiet, you dog," was my reply. Our chilly reception was made worse on seeing Black Daniel standing back of one of the groups smiling at the way *O-ge-mas-es* was being turned down.

As we were passing through the camps I noted some of the older women scraping the meat and fat off some recently killed bear-skins; and further on were groups of younger women, who gave me the first kindly glances I had received. Opening some of our bales, I took a few of the choicest beads and some other fancy articles and tackled the girls to buy; and, as these were the very latest patterns in savagedom, buy they did, evidently to the disgust of their elders. Aided by my broken Cree (which always brought a smile), I started a small trade, which spread, and before bedtime I had taken in a good haul of fur and thoroughly broken the ice, much to the disgust of our opponent Daniel.

Pierre and I slept under our canoe that night. Next morning we were kept busy trading and soon disposed of the bulk of our goods. I decided to return to our main camp; but first arranged a definite appointment with *Ki-say-the-nish*. My next visit would show more goods and later styles. Shaking hands with all my new friends, giving some trifles to the girls who helped start the campaign, away we went, Master Pierre in the bow as before. On reaching home I found everything in good order, and on counting up our furs I finally decided to send Pierre back to The Pas with all returns of trade and also an official letter to the chief telling him the man was no more use to me and that I would prefer, now that I was on friendly terms with both bands of Indians, to remain alone for the balance of the spring. Pierre duly started, but not in the best of humours. I visited the nearby camps, collected some debts and picked up more fur.

The next excitement was an Indian feast, to which I received a special invitation. Both bands were to meet at a specially selected spot about midway between the main camps. In the meantime hunters had to kill all game possible, as there was no doubt everyone would attend. *O-sow-usk* moved camp (mine included) and we pitched again on the new community site. The name of the celebration was the "goose dance." A large oval enclosure was formed by sticking young green spruce in the ground at a slant inwards, about five feet in height. At one end was an elevated stage, and the whole oval was open to the sky. The feast was to start between four and five in the afternoon, weather permitting.

(To be continued)

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

(Continued from last issue)

By H. J. MOBERLY

ON reaching the mouth of the Findlay river, which is the largest branch of the Peace in British Columbia, we came to the first large rapids. They are just at the foot of the Rockies on the west side, and are not very bad. I have run them with loaded scows, boats, dugouts and small birchbark canoes. From the foot of the rapids for a distance of seventy-five miles through the Rockies the Peace flows as a beautiful river—no rapids or shoal water. A good-sized steamer might run the whole distance. The scenery is magnificent; unsurpassed, I venture, by any in the world.

At the east side of the Rockies there rises a small circular mountain, around which the river circles for about thirty or thirty-five miles. It is impossible for any craft to get through some of the many canyons through which this river flows. The portage across is twelve miles along one of the banks of a former channel of the river, which must at some time have become blocked with ice, thus forcing the river through the present channel. Signs of the old river bed can be easily recognized all the way along the portage.

Here I found two traders established —Bill Cust, an old Californian "forty-niner," and Carey, another old miner. Both of these men afterwards settled in Edmonton. Cust owned a large farm there and died in the summer of 1908. Carey is still living, a merchant at Edmonton.

Cust and Carey persuaded me to join in their enterprise, which I did as far as putting $1200 into the firm, but I refused to take an active part in the trade, preferring to hunt and trap. So, after looking over the country some time, I decided to make my home on a lake fifteen miles to the south of the portage, a lake which now bears my name on the maps. It is situated almost inside the first range of mountains, and was full of fine whitefish, trout, jack and other species. In spring and fall there were thousands of wild fowl, geese and many swans, while beaver, moose and caribou were plentiful. Bear—black, brown and grizzly—were numerous, and bighorn sheep might be found within twenty miles. No Indians ever hunted near this lake, so that I had a hunter's paradise all to myself.

I built a comfortable shack, made a canoe and had everything ready by the time winter set in, having killed three moose, two black bear, thirty-two black beaver, and put up on the drying-stage some four or five hundred whitefish and trout before the waters were frozen over. This was in the fall of 1865, and here I made my headquarters till the spring of 1868—three years—part of the time alone, part of the time with Indian companions.

During the winters I employed myself hunting and trapping, and in summer made trips across the Rockies as far as the height of land at the Salmon river with my partners. In the early spring I had my garden at the west end of the lake, where there is a fine flat half a mile square, almost all prairie. The soil is a rich loam about twenty-four inches deep, and in it I raised excellent onions, carrots and potatoes. If I had possessed other garden seeds I could have raised them as well.

On the breaking up of the ice one spring I went up a small stream, which was navigable for about eight miles, in a canoe. Within this distance I shot one hundred and seventeen beaver before the time for beginning my garden, and about sixty more before the furs were out of season. These last were shot as they passed my camp on their way down to the lake. Ammunition being scarce, I only now and

then expended it on a goose or swan, very seldom indeed wasting shot on duck, although they were there by thousands. During the first winter I killed only thirteen moose and four caribou.

One chase after a grizzly gave two of us three days' hard work, with nothing to eat or drink but snow water. I was out hunting, the snow being about twelve inches deep, when late in the afternoon I observed the track of a bear. So next morning, with a companion, I went forth in pursuit of bruin, taking with us our blankets, tea kettles and grub for one day. The bear, however, had travelled further than we had anticipated, but towards evening we came to a small round mountain on which we were sure was his den; so we camped at the foot of the mountain. No doubt the bear heard us, for it was a very cold, still night. Next morning, as we were making a turn round the hill, a moose started and we began firing at him; but he was too far off for us to hit him. The shooting, however, must have warned the bear to change his residence, and when we again struck his track he had probably a couple of hours' start of us. Off we set, expecting to come up with him soon, but he lead us into such awful places, down such deep gulches, up such steep hills, that we could not overtake him to get a shot. When it had become dark of course we had to camp, without our blankets and kettles, which we had left at the previous night's camp; so we made a large fire and did the best we could. We were not discouraged, however. We followed the bear all the next day, with the same result; and the following day we were after him again, determined to go on to a finish. About ten o'clock in the morning of the fourth day out we caught sight of the bear in an open place about half a mile away, climbing a hill. We put on steam, and presently were overhauling him over the hill, which sloped down to the Pine river; and the chase began to get exciting. But the river was in our way, frozen only at the banks, open in the middle. When we reached the near bank the bear was just climbing out on the opposite one, and so the chase was ended. We were about eighteen miles from home, and when we at length got in it can easily be imagined we were both hungry and angry, ready enough to swear vengeance against all bears in the future.

CHAPTER XXII

I Land at Fort Chipewyan

The following summer, after the return from my summer trip, I had several chances of making bears pay up for this useless run. Once when I had occasion to go down to the lake shore I caught a glimpse of an animal that had crossed the bay and was entering the wood about a quarter of a mile distant. I took it for a moose, and ran past the camp, picking up on my way my double-barrel gun, but leaving my powder horn and shot bag.

When I got opposite the place where the animal had disappeared I walked very cautiously, and, just as I reached a small opening, out came an enormous silver tip. We saw one another simultaneously. He meant business at once; so I met him, placing all my dependence upon the gun not missing fire. My first shot was at such close range that it burned his hair, and he fell dead. I stood over him for some little time, so that if he moved a muscle I might give him the left barrel; but he was stone dead. This was the largest bear I have ever killed. He was so old that his teeth were worn quite blunt. I persuaded myself that this was the beast we had followed the previous winter, and so called quits—for the present.

The Indians belonging to this country were a small band of Seikanees, numbering about twenty-five families. This band, with the exception of two brothers, hunted north of the Peace river as far as the Liard river in and along the foothills. The brothers always hunted along the Pine river. I had thus a large tract of country to myself, and any day I wished could have started half a dozen moose.

On their return from Quesnelle my partners would pass the time washing out gold on the different bars of the Peace river, which after high water left a new deposit that always paid about the same each year. These bars would give $2, $4, $6, $8 up to $16 per day. They were worked with only the old-fashioned rocker, and, when a bar was worked out in a day or two and as much more time lost going to another

and rigging up, there was not much profit in it. Had it not been for the furs we killed and traded we could not have existed. Flour cost $50 a sack, tea $5 a pound, salt $1, and every other necessary in proportion.

In the spring of 1868, we agreed to dissolve partnership and leave those parts. Accordingly, we sold out to the Hudson's Bay Company and separated, Bill Cust and Carey going to Edmonton to settle.

I had promised some of the American fur companies with whom I had done business as a free trader, and some of whose agents had led me to correspond with them, that if I ever turned up at Sitka, where these companies had important establishments, I would proceed to "Frisco," where their headquarters were situated, and run a steamboat along the Behring straits to the mouth of the Mackenzie river, and as far up the river as I could get, and there start fur trading in opposition to the "H.B.C."

I now, having parted with the old Company, made up my mind, in order to gain sufficient knowledge of all the Mackenzie river country before entering upon the undertaking, to go down the Peace river, thence down the Mackenzie as far as Peel's river, cross the Rockies to the Yukon and on to Sitka.

As Peace river at the present time is being much talked about as a farming country, and numbers of settlers are already going in, I will stop for a moment to give some description of the Peace river district. From its rise beyond the foothills to the river's mouth at Great Slave lake I know every foot of it. Peace river, after it leaves the Rockies, is already a large stream, as large as the Saskatchewan at Edmonton, with more water. From the foot of the portage over the canyon I have already described the river is navigable for some seven or eight hundred miles to about fifty miles below Fort Vermilion. Here a backbone of rock runs across the river, giving a fall of some seven or eight feet. Between this point and Fort Smith is a stretch of three hundred and thirty miles, and the whole of this distance is without a single rapid or bad place. At Fort Smith a number of similar ridges cross the river, making portages necessary at five places, over some of which boats, as well as cargoes, have to be carried. From the first to the last of these rapids is about thirteen miles, although the distance between the modern steamboat landings is sixteen miles, horses and oxen being employed on this stretch nowadays. From here to the Arctic circle the rivers, and Great Slave lake as well, are navigable for vessels of considerable tonnage. For a number of years the Hudson's Bay Company have had a screw steamer running as far as the Arctic circle.

The farming lands begin at the foothills of the Rockies and extend east over eight hundred miles to some sixty miles below Red river, being from fifteen to forty miles in width. The soil as a rule is a rich loam, with clay or limestone bottom. The climate is better than in the Saskatchewan valley, caused no doubt by the fact that the two mountain passes of the Pine and Peace rivers are close together and the mountains from the Rockies to the coast more detached than those further south, thus allowing the warm winds of the Pacific to pass without getting chilled, as they do in the latter country.

The south side of the river is more wooded than is the north. From the foothills there is not much prairie till the mouth of Smokey river is reached, but from that point to a short distance beyond Cadotte river there are some fine prairie lands. After that to Fort Vermilion it is nearly all wooded. From Fort Vermilion to a few miles beyond the Red river again there is quite an extent of prairie. Most of this is good land, as are most of the wooded parts. On the north side of the foothills to Dunvegan there is quite an extent of open country, particularly about Halfway river, and from Dunvegan to Fort Vermilion there are prairies most of the way—some along the banks of the Peace, some back a few miles. There is also a very fine section a few miles up the Battle river. From Fort Vermilion on the north side for almost eighty miles there is one of the finest stretches of ranch country that could be imagined. The water everywhere is good, there is no alkali, there are millions of tons of hay and the prairies are covered with the wild peavine and fine grass. Again, in the

vicinity of Fort Vermilion and at the Red river, which is about fifty miles below Vermilion, there is some fine farming country. At the Red river there is a solid bed of limestone under a few feet of rich soil.

Any quantity of fine timber may be had almost anywhere in the Peace valley—on the points of the river, on the islands or on the uplands.

Besides the break in navigation on the main river at the point where the Red enters it, there is another rapid below on the main channel, but behind a large island runs a deep channel, which is navigable. Here in the rocks on both sides of the river are a great many veins of the very finest gypsum.

About half a mile below is Peace Point, a fine situation for a farm. From the river bank a fine prairie runs back a short distance. Then a prairie hill or terrace rises at a steep incline some hundred and fifty feet high, the level ground at the top being not more than thirty or forty feet wide. Then comes another slope with a fine prairie stretching away back from the crest. A most peculiar thing about this ridge is a number of circular holes about twenty-five feet in diameter by twelve to fifteen feet deep that look as if they had been made as a means of defence in some prehistoric period; and certainly no better place could have been chosen.

Shortly after the spring of 1868 opened, in pursuance of my plan to descend the Mackenzie, I decided to run down the small river leading from Moberly lake, where I had made my headquarters for three years, to Peace river. The Indians warned me that it was impossible on account of the rapids, but there appeared no other way of getting my canoe on the Peace, so off I started; and I certainly had a time of it. Being a good judge of water, however, and well able to manage a canoe, I got through safely. I then proceeded down stream slowly, sometimes remaining two or three weeks at a time in one place to hunt. When I arrived a little below Cadotte river I camped on an island, and towards evening paddled up stream to see if I could get a beaver. I noticed two moose enter the water on the opposite side, so I crossed the river and shot them both when they got ashore. Just as I had begun to skin one of them a third moose approached the water at a point a little below, so I crept up and shot him. I thus had the cow, her young one and a two-year-old bull. As it was getting dark, I merely removed the entrails and returned to camp. On starting out next morning at daybreak I again saw three moose in the water—a cow, a large bull, and a three-year-old bull. I kept to the opposite shore till I was above them, then killed the whole three. The flies were very bad, which made the moose take to the water.

Having so much meat on hand, I determined on getting it dried and on remaining in the vicinity for the winter. Whilst the meat was drying I built a comfortable shack. When this job was finished I decided to go back as far as Fort St. John's and hunt bear for the sake of the grease. I reached there about the end of July, when the berries were ripe and the bears in good order, and camped about five miles below the fort. I remained there three weeks, during which I killed sixteen black or brown bears and seven grizzlies.

On my way home I shot four more black bears, but on reaching home I found that all my cache of dried meat, as if in reprisal, had been devoured by bears. This didn't trouble me very much, however, as I had my gun and the country was full of game.

I now began putting the shanty in order for winter, with a hunt now and again for fresh meat. This place is marked on the map as "Moberly's House," and I often wonder if any of the logs still remain. It was the first house ever built between Dunvegan and Battle river.

(To be continued)

TWINS

"Fine twins ye have there, Mrs. Murphy; but tell me, how do ye iver know thim apart?"

"Faith, an' that's aisy, Mrs. O'Flaherty," said Mrs. Murphy. "Oi put me finger in Denis's mouth, and if he bites it's Mike."

CURTAIN

Husband (newly married): Don't you think love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains?

Wife: Ah, you are the most unselfish and thoughtful husband in the world; certainly it would.

Husband: Well, then, take the curtains down.

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Man is the only animal that you can skin more than once.

If life were all one bed of roses, just think of the thorns you might stick yourself on.

The shrewdest buyers in the world are not those who can pick the lowest prices, but those who can pick the goods with the highest merit.

Motto for a married man: Be sure you're right and then keep quiet about it.

The rule that "a fool and his money are soon parted" probably has the fewest exceptions.

The person you don't like is the person you don't know.

Teamwork

A Viewpoint on Labour Concurred in by Mr. Sale

DURING the recent visit of one of the Company's stores officials in London, Mr. Charles V. Sale, deputy governor, handed him a copy of *The Times* for June 22 and pointed out the report of a speech made by Sir Lionel Phillips before the general shareholders meeting of the Central Mining and Investment Company. Mr. Sale remarked that the address struck him as containing many pithy truths; that it expressed what he believed a sound viewpoint on labor.

"If a busy man like Mr. Sale has the time to pick out the things that count, even in the hurried perusal of his morning newspaper," said the stores department official on his return to Winnipeg, "I feel sure that readers of *The Beaver* will appreciate also the force of Sir Lionel's argument. So I have brought the *Times* clipping from London with me."

The portion of the address referred to is as follows:

There has been a tendency in the whole world in recent years for men to think, and for politicians seeking their votes to encourage them to think, that they can improve their condition in life by being inimical to their employer and to their employment. The straightened circumstances of the world and the resulting unemployment are only to be conquered, to use a hackneyed phrase, by economy and hard work. Those who foster distrust between employers and employed are doing a very bad turn to the working classes, who can only maintain and advance their interests by working with energy and sincerity.

To use a pertinent analogy, the same root causes ensure success in business life as in the field of athletics. In games, victory depends upon whole-hearted effort. Where a team is concerned, unity of action and obedience to the leader are essential factors. Men are selected as members of a team because of demonstrated fitness, and, once selected, they obey their chief and do their best. In that way they gain rewards and renown. Is there any branch of sport, or of human endeavor for that matter, in which discipline and full effort are more rigidly enforced than in football? Surely, if such rules govern games they should be applied with even greater fidelity to every branch of economic life, for the stakes are infinitely more important, and to gain

them demands the same strenuousness and *esprit de corps*. I am no advocate of excessive hours that produce undue physical or mental fatigue. They are not conducive to good work or to sound health, and hence are not economic. The point I wish to emphasize is that in serving faithfully men are not doing a favor to their employer but are, if they only knew it, pursuing the only road to their own advancement and the comfort of their families. (Hear, hear). To restrict their efficiency is to imperil their employment because competition may wipe out the enterprise in which they are engaged. By acting in that way, therefore, they are traitors to themselves as well as to their country. Every child at school ought to be taught the incontestable truth of this doctrine before entering the ranks of working life, because it would help him to meet inevitable competition.

Historical Exhibit Visitors

VISITORS to the Hudson's Bay historical exhibit at Winnipeg, according to E. F. Hardiman, custodian, include persons from many countries. By the out-of-town visitors registered during July, for example, the following places of residence are given:

ENGLAND
London Scarboro
Maidstone Bradford

UNITED STATES
New York
Iowa
Indiana
Illinois
Massachussetts
Minnesota
Washington, D.C.
Connecticut
Wisconsin
New Jersey
Washington
Rhode Island
Kansas
North Dakota
California
Florida

QUEBEC
Montreal

NOVA SCOTIA
Liverpool
Upper Clyde River

MANITOBA
Pilot Mound
Miami Carman
The Pas Greenway
Brunkild Arden
Fort Alexander
Great Falls
Brandon
Pas Mountain
Turtle Mountain
Baldur
Lundar
Souris
Portage la Prairie
Hole River

IRELAND
Larne

SCOTLAND
Glasgow Dundee
Kircaldy Edinburgh

ONTARIO
Brantford
Toronto
Port Arthur
Peterboro
St. Catharines
London
Sault Ste. Marie
Renfrew
Whitby

SASKATCHEWAN
PrinceAlbert
Rosetown
Saskatoon
Rama
Humboldt
Melville
North Battleford
Regina

BRITISH COLUMBIA
Victoria
Prince Rupert
Vancouver
Trail

Kobe, JAPAN
Hilo, HAWAII

John Wilson, H.B.M.*

—"Mercury" of the Service

By CLIFTON THOMAS

JOHN Middal Wilson, bank messenger and interdepartmental postman of the Company at Winnipeg for more than thirty years, is one of the most striking examples of *steadfastness* in the H.B.C. service.

"Johnny" is sixty-two years old, though his face says forty-five. A grandfather—yet he is on the job earlier and "knocks off" later than any H.B.C. employee in Winnipeg.

He has handled many millions of dollars of the Company's money without losing a cent.

Within the memory of his contemporaries he has never been off duty a single day for sickness or any other reason (except annual vacations) and he is punctuality itself.

Every business day in the year, "Johnny" and his faithful mount, the "bike," are seen on Main and York and Portage doing the rounds of the H.B.C. departments. He is the Mercury of the service, but he is also a sphinx. Important affairs of the Company are as safe from dissemination with him as if locked in a twenty-ton vault. He is quiet, unobtrusive, but never faltering or indecisive. His duty is his whole

*Hudson's Bay Medallist.

profession, vocation, pastime and hobby.

No one has ever seen him indulging another interest or following a more strenuous diversion than carefully perusing the London *Times* in the land commissioner's ante-room at 7.30 of a morning.

His *steadfastness* and *sincerity* are the wellsprings of the confidence people instinctively place in John Wilson.

His is unwavering loyalty to the old Company and its standards. One who sought to traduce the Hudson's Bay in his hearing would be challenging his personal honour.

Mr. Wilson was born at Middal, Iceland, February 14th, 1860. He entered the H.B.C. service in July, 1881, but left shortly afterwards to take another position, and it was not until July, 1891, that he permanently entered the Company's employ. He was awarded the gold medal denoting thirty years' consecutive service.

During his time as general messenger at Winnipeg, he has served under Commissioners Wrigley and Chipman, Chief Factor Clark, Commissioners R. H. Hall and N. H. Bacon, and Commissioner James Thomson.

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER XIII

The Quarry Approaches

OVER the land lay silence—a silence that was absolute. In the waning light of afternoon the picture was one of awful desolation. Snow lay everywhere, blanketing the flint-like earth with a heavy mantle of monotonous whiteness. On the snow were tracks of creatures which, camouflaged by a protecting Providence, moved in the flesh almost invisibly, seeking subsistance, at the same time seeing to it that they did not themselves furnish a meal for other animals. Only a few sparse conifers, standing like sheeted ghosts, broke the dead level. To the north, at a distance of perhaps five miles, lay York Factory. For the rest, vast, fearfully vast, and endless distances stretched in muskegs and plains —a great, white, frozen-hearted wild, the Northland wild.

Suddenly, a black blot appeared in the distance. Slowly it grew, until at length it took on the form of a man—a man on snowshoes and carrying a gun. The fellow toiled silently across the barren waste. Presently he stopped, dropped the butt of his gun to the ground and, resting the barrel in the hollow of his arm, stood looking back. Then he took off one of his heavy deerskin mittens and his hand groped beneath his capote. Twisting his mouth oddly as he searched his pockets, he finally brought forth a knife, pipe and plug of tobacco. With these in hand, he paused and stood with head aslant, listening.

Suddenly he called at the top of his voice, "Ho! ho! ho!" Then again fell to listening. Faintly, from the distance, came a sound like the crack of a dog-whip. The man grunted something, to which his expression gave no clue, and his fingers became busy with the knife and tobacco. Soon his pipe was lit. Again he called "Ho! ho! ho!" and followed this with a prolonged whistle. Instantly there came the short, sharp bark of a dog, and soon a train of huskies, dragging a heavily laden flat-sled (toboggan), snaked itself into view and came slowly towards him. A man toiled behind, pushing on the sled with a long pole. The watcher whistled and called once more, and the dogs redoubled their efforts.

"Whoa!"

The struggling canines stopped and instantly dropped to the snow. With lolling tongues and rolling eyes they lay waiting the word to proceed, taking the greatest degree of rest out of the short respite.

"What's wrong," demanded the first comer shortly.

"Load shifted," explained the second, breathlessly, dropping on the sled for a breathing spell. "Had to stop and make it up."

"You've got too much on, Bob," grumbled the guide.

"I certainly have a good load," admitted the young man.

"You *would* put on that extra 'piece'," the guide continued to grumble, eyeing his companion narrowly.

"Oh, I had to bring that, you know," laughed the other.

The guide considered him curiously for some moments before speaking again. "Well," he said at length with a short laugh, "if you weren't the parson's son, I'd say it was whisky by the care you're taking of it."

The parson's son looked at him in blank amazement for a moment, then laughed uproariously. "Then you would say wrong," he returned good naturedly, "for it is photographic supplies. And it is not for me at all."

The other man whistled and looked at him queerly. "Say, ain't you running some risk? Whose is it, Bob?"

A frown of displeasure came upon Bob's face "What has that to do with you?" he demanded

sharply. His eyebrows went up slightly, and a little excitement came into his eyes.

The offender puffed thoughtfully at his pipe for a few moments. "Oh, nothing," he said presently, "I was just thinking."

Silence fell between them.

After a while, "They haven't found that whisky smuggler yet," he observed, with his eyes on the clouds as if addressing the blue sky.

"No, but the police are at York, I hear, and they will find him out in quick time, if he continues," said Bob, emphatically.

The guide recharged his pipe, and then sat on the sled beside his companion.

"Did you hear that Alec MacDonald's carrying on with *Little Song*?" he asked.

"What's that?" said Bob, dangerously.

The previous speaker remained silent for a moment, as if doubting the wisdom of proceeding. Presently, "There's them as says they've seen 'em together," he said hesitatingly.

The man at his elbow looked round at him in angry astonishment. "Well, they are likely to get into serious trouble for such talk," he said severely. "And I advise you to keep your tongue under better control. Alec is weak and easily led. He is rash and foolish, but not wicked. If you should hear anyone talking in that way again, you will oblige me by contradicting him. If such rumours were to get to Mrs. MacDonald's ears, they might cause her serious illness. I would not have it happen for the world. She is so wrapt up in Alec that, in her present state of health, mere suspicion against him would kill her, I positively believe."

A long silence followed.

"She ain't strong, is she?" asked the culprit, somewhat shamefacedly. For even he, a rough-tongued, ill-mannered half-breed, loved the gentle little lady at the post in his rough, uncouth way.

"No," returned Bob gloomily. "She has been in bad health for years." Then, suddenly, he rose to his feet, "But come," he added briskly, "let us go on. I'll run ahead as far as the mounted police camp. We'll drop in there for a cup of tea." With this he struck off.

At the first movement of their master, the dogs rose stiffly to their feet and, weary as they undoubtedly were, began jumping excitedly and straining at their traces in vain efforts to start the heavily loaded sled, testifying their impatience to follow by a series of barks and howls. Notwithstanding this, the erstwhile guide lashed them savagely with a whip and, as Bob was out of earshot, broke into a tremendous torrent of oaths that I would not write down for the price of the united fame of Bret Harte and Sir Gilbert Parker.

As Bob swung north, his face was very serious. Of course there could be no truth in the rumour; the thing was unthinkable. Yet it filled his mind and worried and irritated him beyond measure. What could Alec have been thinking of to get himself and *Little Song* talked about in this manner? He would give Alec a good piece of his mind on the first opportunity, he promised himself. And, with exclamations on his young friend's stupidity and folly, he pushed on speedily through the land of solitude and frozen things, as if seeking to throw off his unpleasant thoughts by a more violent movement of the body, little thinking what evil awaited him at the end of his journey.

Bob Armstrong loved the gentle Mrs. MacDonald as he would have loved his own mother had God spared her; in truth he knew no other. Orphaned of his mother, he had, of course, been instantly received and adopted in the hospitable MacDonald household. Its kind mistress had taken him into her heart and extended to him the same maternal love and tenderness that her own children experienced.

As a little chap, Bob had been as happy, pleasant-faced, mischievous, warm-hearted a child as one ever set eyes upon. At the time of our story he stood near to six feet, was broad shouldered and clean limbed, and had thoughtful blue eyes, a fair strong face, and a laugh which was music to the ear. He was warm-hearted to a fault, detested deceit in anything, and abominated profanity in all its ways. A staunch friend he was in time of trouble and an enemy to no man—a jolly, rollicking, yet earnest and sincere young fellow.

"Bob Armstrong's made a quick trip," announced Rogers some two hours later, as he entered the store bearing a heavy bale of goods; and, dropping his burden on the counter, he looked across at Alec MacDonald, who, with Bill Miner, had been hanging about all afternoon.

"How do you know?" demanded Alec, hurriedly.

His companion gave him a warning nudge. "Constable Wilkins was down. He says he left Bob at the mounted police camp. No doubt his dogs are played out. Why don't you hitch up and go and meet him, Alec?"

"Go to blazes."

Rogers regarded the surly boy for a moment; then, with a shrug of the shoulders, as if to indicate that there was no accounting for that young man's moods, "He's coming this way, anyhow," he said, moving away with an armful of drygoods.

"I told Bob I'd meet him and relieve him of the case," said Alec hurriedly to Miner. "What shall I do?"

"Stay where you are," was the answer. "I'll go to the Indian chief. He's red hot against liquor and I'll work him to have Bob's sled searched by the police."

"He won't if he knows it's Bob's," Alec told him; then, in a sudden panic,"Do you think it will be safe, quite safe?"

Miner was making towards the door, but the boy's words brought him up short. He swung round on him with a muttered oath.

"Safe!" he exclaimed with an expression of contempt. "Look here, if you are getting cold feet—"

Alec protested, half sullenly, half ashamed.

"Well then, what's the matter with you?" Miner broke off abruptly, for there was the sound of voices outside.

The plotters vanished.

The next moment the door in the rear opened and Marjorie entered with a gay, rippling laugh. She was followed by her father and Parson Armstrong. The three paused just inside the door.

"Dear me, what tales do get about," she cried in her light-hearted way.

"My dear," said Armstrong, in playful seriousness, "in a small place like this, where amusements are few and the population scanty, people have both leisure and opportunity to peep into the affairs of their neighbours and much facility in ascertaining the slightest cause for remark.

Curiosity is an ancient female, the daughter of Idleness and Ignorance, and she is perpetually wandering over the earth in search of secrets or scandal; and these, as soon as she finds them, she throws to her companion, Dame Gossip, to retail to her followers and familiars."

"Armstrong, you should have kept that for your next Sunday's sermon," declared MacDonald, with a laugh. Then, turning to Rogers, he enquired, "Where is that fine wolf skin?"

"Upstairs, sir," returned Rogers. "You're just in time to see it," he told the parson, "another half hour and it would have been packed up. It goes out with the Norway House 'packet,' you know. It's a very fine skin, jet black with silver tips, like a silver fox." To the chief factor, "Shall I fetch it, sir?"

"Don't bother. We'll go up and look at it. Come along, parson." He paused half way up the stairs, for at that moment Inspector Blake entered briskly.

"Why, here's the inspector," announced Marjorie, smiling brightly and holding out her hand.

"Yes, and I've come to say goodbye," said that man ruefully, taking her hand and looking into her eyes. "I've just received despatches. In fact, it was your son who brought them," he added, turning to Armstrong. But his attention was still on Marjorie, and it gave him a sudden sharp pain to see the light that came in her eyes.

"That is good news, indeed," said Armstrong in pleased tones. "He must have made a quick trip, for I did not expect him for another two days."

For some unaccountable reason, Marjorie blushed.

"Yes, he was good enough to drop into my quarters with them," the officer explained. I left him having a cup of tea and a smoke with the corporal. I think he said something about having a 'packet' for you, Mr. MacDonald," he added, as an afterthought, to the chief factor.

"A packet! a packet!" cried Marjorie, clapping her hands and dancing. "Joy!" Her face was glad with expectation.

Only those who have lived in the wilderness can comprehend with what pleasure a packet is received. News from the outside world! A joyous day of festival in the monotonous life of the settler!

MacDonald smiled indulgently at his daughter's excitement. "Thank you, Blake," he said from his position on the ladder. "But I am sorry you are going away so soon. We hoped to have had you stay with us all winter."

"You are very kind," declared Blake, with eyes on Marjorie. "But our life is one of motion. There is no rest for us; whenever we become comfortable in a place, we are pretty sure to be called away."

"Well, it's too bad," Armstrong told him. "I had hoped that before long you would have laid your hands on the wretch who is responsible for my poor people getting whisky."

"And so had I," replied the inspector, emphatically. "For I hold it a point of honor not to leave unearthed a crime committed under the very noses of the police. However, I am leaving the corporal here for a time."

"The parson greatly exaggerates the effects of a little strong liquor upon the thick heads of his flock," boomed the chief factor.

"My dear friend," reproved the parson, "my people are being ruined body and soul by liquor, and I shall not rest until the party responsible is laid by the heels."

"Fudge!" said MacDonald. Then to the inspector, "But it's a pity, anyway—your leaving us, I mean. Run in and see the wife; you will find her in the house. I'll just show the parson here a rather fine wolf skin that came in yesterday, and then I'll join you." He climbed a few more steps, then stopped again. "But, perhaps, you would like to see it, too?" he suggested, looking down.

"Thank you, no," replied Blake, with rather suspicious haste. "I am rather pressed for time just now."

"Well, I'll be down in a minute," said MacDonald, beginning to climb again. "Just run into the house. Take him in, Marjorie. Come along, parson." So saying, he disappeared into the room above. Armstrong followed him closely, and Rogers, who had been busy about the store, vanished also. Evidently Rogers was a perceptive person.

Thus Marjorie and Blake were left alone. And, as they stood there, the girl knew that this moment was decisive for them both. Women have strange instincts in such matters, which seldom deceive. She was conscious of the impression she had made upon the mind of the young officer; and Blake, who loved the young and beautiful girl with all the ardour of a first attachment, resolved, at least, to know whether his hopes and dreams had any chance of being realized. For a few moments neither of them spoke. It was the girl who broke the silence.

"If you will come with me, Mr. Blake," she said, "I'll take you to my mother."

But the inspector did not stir.

"Miss Marjorie," he exclaimed, mustering all his courage, "will you allow me to speak a few words to you?"

The young girl blushed amazingly at the unmistakable meaning of his words, and dropped her eyes. "What is it, Mr. Blake?" she said, a little startled.

For answer, Blake walked over to where several drygoods cases were standing and with an imploring glance motioned her to a seat. Marjorie followed him, laughing, at the same time making a violent effort to control herself.

When she had seated herself, he stood beside her, looking down at her. "Miss Marjorie," he said, endeavouring to take her hand, but she gently withdrew it, "you surely cannot be ignorant of my feelings for you. Your image is deeply engraven upon my heart. It has been there from the first moment I saw you. Do not interrupt me, I beg," he added quickly, as the girl appeared about to speak. "At least, allow me to express the feelings which have possessed me so long. I love you—love you with all the strength a man is capable of. Upon your decision depends, perhaps, the happiness of all my life."

"But, I have taken you by surprise," he went on hurriedly in a trembling voice, as Marjorie, in great confusion, attemped to check him. "My bold confession has come upon you too soon, too unexpectedly. Nay, be not angry at the hasty manner in which I have spoken. You must remember that I am forced to do so by circumstances."

(To be continued)

WINNIPEG

HARDWARE
BIG BILL SCOTT "MAKING" A 400H DRIVE - THE ONLY THING HE DISTURBED WAS THE ATMOSPHERE
W.H.O. GOES BACK TO THE HIAWATHA STYLE OF LIVING
W.H.O DESCRIBES THAT YOUNG WHALE HE CAUGHT AT THE LAKES.
WELCO
TOM JOHNSON DEMONSTRATES FAIRY SNOW FLAKES TO INTERESTED MISS FLAPPERS
ARTHUR R. DECIDED TO STRENGTHEN HIS DELTOIDS ON THE FARM.
RITTER

Jottings

Scientists say tobacco kills germs and kisses are full of germs. Is that why young men smoke, or why flappers kiss?

The office boy rises to remark that he enjoys two vacations—his own and when the boss is away.

Extract from *Beaver* Prize Novel: "She cast her eyes into her teacup, then raising them swept the room with a glance. Not to be outdone he walked to the window, took a deep breath and threw out his chest."

Did you hear that Annie Scotland, our elevator operator, is quite a linguist? She has taken up French, German, Polish and several other languages.

Four of our girls intend to take a tramp through the mountains this summer. We hope the *tramp* has a good time.

The hardware department has imported a consignment of Pogo jumping sticks. Jim Fuller suggests they sell a few to the employees. He says it would be a *treat* to see certain people hopping to business *on time* with the aid of the Pogo.

Extensive building operations are apparently under way in East Kildonan. One of our suburbanites by the name of Jones is seen carrying home a bundle of lumber almost every night. We wonder why?

The Ice Melting Stunt

DURING July sales an unique contest was carried through which resulted in much public interest. A 1200-pound block of ice was placed in the big corner show window at 9 a.m. Monday, July 3rd. In the centre of the ice was embedded a tiny model refrigerator.

The public was invited to estimate the exact day, hour and minute when the ice would be melted. A large refrigerator was offered as a prize for the nearest correct guess. During the contest a 20 per cent. discount was offered on all refrigerators in stock, samples of which were shown in the window.

Guesses were to be in by 6 p.m. July 5th, written on a form provided in the hardware department.

Thousands of estimates were received and interest in the ice kept up all the week, incidentally helping all the other displays and the store business generally.

By Sunday, July 9th, at 10.08 a.m. all the ice had disappeared, having taken just over six days.

On judging the coupons a tie was discovered. Two contestants estimated 10.10 a.m. Sunday. This was made the occasion for further publicity, and a draw arranged in the department for Wednesday, July 12th. A consolation prize of silverware was given to the loser of the draw, which was a gift totally unexpected and much appreciated.

The ice was contained in a big shallow tank to which was attached a drain pipe to carry the water away. Curious estimates were put on as to when the ice would melt, some saying as far ahead as August, September and even October. The weather being rather cold and unseasonable deceived many and caused the ice to remain longer than it otherwise would. The event was a success from every standpoint.

Football

SINCE last report the footballers have made slight progress, managing to play off two more league matches. Fire Brigade were played, and defeated H.B.C. 3 to 1. This match was played in a deluge of rain throughout. H.B.C. mustered only nine players, so the result was quite logical.

The next match was against the Whitla team, who have been league champions many times within recent years. They lined up a formidable array of city senior players, but, after a hard fought game, the result was a draw—0-0 This in spite of the fact that H.B.C. could muster only ten players.

In view of the poor support from players and others, an emergency meeting was called and took place in the wholesale office, Tuesday, July 4th. It was resolved to put forth every effort to keep the club going.

It was pointed out that, with a full turnout, we are a match for any team in the league. Each player and prospective player was asked to devote two nights a week to football, Tuesday and Friday. The committee was requested to arrange either a practice or a league match for these nights each week.

Finance was discussed also, and players requested to sell membership cards to non-members at the price of 50 cents to help defray expenses of ground and equipment. The club is now open to receive all the help and backing possible from all departments of the Company if they wish Hudson's Bay football to continue.

A reminder—Mr. Thomas is president, Mr. R. Hughes is secretary, and Tom Johnston team, manager. Let's all rally and give these workers and the players the support they deserve.

A ready-reckoning chart is part of the equipment of Mr. Hughes when golfing. Pretty slick idea, and we pass it on to others who are poor at figures.

Miss McPhee spent a delightful two weeks at the farm home at Birtle, Man., of Mrs. Cooley (*nee* Miss Nichol, a popular member of the silks department for several years). "Nick" wishes to be remembered to all H.B.C. friends. Mr. Diamond, buyer of silks, also paid a visit to Mrs. Cooley when on vacation.

Miss Myers, dressmaker, is away on a combined business and pleasure jaunt to England and Europe. She intends to visit Paris and bring back first-hand information of the latest style tendencies in women's apparel. Her large staff in the meantime will enjoy a well earned holiday of about six weeks.

Holiday time is adding to the quota of brides. Miss Jennie Rogers and Miss Edith Wakeham, both of the grocery department, are among the latest to join the married ranks, both being married in mid-July. The wedding of Miss Hilda Goodwin, of the mail order, took place on the 15th and Miss Jenkinson, of the juvenile section, leaves us shortly to become Mrs. Harry Griffin.

Mr. G..... is seen on the cars surrepititiously reading a treatise on golfing form by Chick Evans. He has also been noted several times lately swinging the *Lead* (we mean club) in the sporting goods department, and, by the manner of him, that 40 handicap in the golf competition was a master stroke of strategy. He should walk away with the prize.

We are glad to see Mr. Beggs back in charge of the tailoring department after spending a few days in the hospital. Stomach trouble gave cause for fears of appendicitis, but, thankful to say, a few days of observation and treatment eliminated the necessity of an operation.

On viewing some of the stocky windows that were put in during July sale and other events recently, one wonders how the display men managed to get out of the windows after dressing them. One bright suggestion that reached the department was that they utilize the row of spikes on the sill outside of each window to stick merchandise upon.

Miss Thomas, of the blouses, has left us to accept a position with the H.B.C. Lethbridge store.

H.B.C. GOLF COMPETITION

RESULTS of the first round of the 1922 golf competition between members of Hudson's Bay Company's Winnipeg staff were as follows:

Handicap		
13 C. W. Veysey		
15 A. Brock	C. W. Veysey	
13 W. R. Ogston		
10 J. M. Gibson	J. M. Gibson	
15 A. Brabant		
13 C. E. Joslyn	C. E. Joslyn	
15 W. M. Conn		
25 W. M. McLean	W. M. McLean	
11 C. M. Thomas		
12 F. R. Peirson	C. M. Thomas	
13 A. H. Keele		
20 R. J. Hughes	R. J. Hughes	
15 A. W. Hood		
16 A. P. Evans	A. P. Evans	
35 Q. R. Scott		
21 T. Upjohn	T. Upjohn	
21 A. Ferguson		
24 A. C. Dunbar	A. C. Dunbar	
20 R.A.Cunningham		
30 S. Beggs	S. Beggs	
26 W. A. Smith		
15 J. Reid	J. Reid	
40 H. H. Hollier		
40 S. D. Gilkerson	S. D.Gilkerson	

"Jock" Ogg, the carpenter, met with a painful accident while working at the wholesale July 6th. He fell from a ladder, breaking both wrists, also fracturing his head and severely injuring his side.

Mr. Sahlfelt, head of the hairdressing department, entered the Winnipeg general hospital early in July to undergo treatment for cancer. He is resting now at the home of friends.

We regret to record the untimely death of E. Naughton, one of the store porters. Pneumonia was the cause of his decease, which came very suddenly after only a few days of illness.

J. W. Arnott, for nine years accountant in the land department at Winnipeg, who left the service in October, 1920, returned to the Company's employ July 18th, being on the staff of the audit department.

Guessing Contest

SINCE guessing contests are the order of the day we present the following suggestions to the powers that be for consideration, making no charge for the brainwork used in thinking up the brilliant ideas:

For next January: Place a big tank of boiling water in the window and call for estimates as to when it will freeze solid. This should afford scope for quick estimating. As a prize, let the winner take the ice home for next summer's use.

—Estimate what size the twelve-inch fish that W.H.D. caught at Grand Beach two years ago will be by next July. It is now 37 inches.

—Guess what system of figuring a certain H.B.C. golfer uses when totalling his scores. He never employs higher numerals than 5 or 6.

—Guess how many tons of display cards S.D.G. would order in a year if he were a department manager.

—Watch for our big football contest soon—100,000 roubles (value 10c) divided each month.

LAND DEPT. NOTES

The staff picnic at Winnipeg Beach was attended by only a comparatively small number, but all enjoyed themselves at the boating, bathing and races which were held for the children.

The Land Commissioner, visiting England on Company's business, arrived at London July 11th. He will return to Winnipeg early this month.

George Allan, travelling representative, is reported to have fallen asleep in his Ford coupe on a road that had lots of "crown," and it is said he snored so he turned the whole works over, and when a certain lady at Portage heard of it she was quite prostrated.

Who is the land department man who has started collecting black cats and found the mortality rate among the animals to be very high?

It is reported that a certain charming brunette (O.C.) in the department has cast a wicked eye and that the whole thing is settled.

LUNCHEON BY PROXY

ABSENT-mindedness is often the cause of very comical situations. The great scientist Newton is said to have possessed this failing to a very marked degree, and one especially amusing story is told of his forgetfulness. It was his custom to have his meals brought to him in his laboratory so that he would not be interrupted in his work. The story goes that one day, while he was deeply engrossed in some calculations, his housekeeper brought in his lunch and went out again unnoticed. As Newton had asked a friend to lunch with him, the cook had prepared an unusually delicious meal, including a whole roast chicken. In time the expected guest was shown into the laboratory, and, knowing better than to disturb Newton, sat down to wait. But he was very hungry, and the chicken irresistibly tempting in appearance, with the result that he was soon eating his lunch alone. When he had finished there was very little left. As the scientist was still utterly oblivious to his presence, he departed.

Newton worked on for several hours until he had completed his calculations. When he finally awoke to his surroundings and saw the almost empty tray, he rang for the housekeeper and said to her in rather bewildered fashion:

"You may take the tray away, please. I have no recollection of lunching, but judging from the appearance of the various dishes I seem to have eaten a very hearty meal indeed."

—*B. C. Coutts.*

CALGARY

FREE TRANSLATION

Customer—Are these the latest style in black kid gloves?

Saleswoman—Yes, madam. We have had them in stock only two days.

Customer—I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and *vice versa*. I see the tan stitches but not the *vice versa*.

The resourceful saleswoman explained that *vice versa* was French for seven buttons, so the customer bought three pairs.

ALL FOR HER SAKE—AS USUAL

The colored sexton of a wealthy church had a very stylish mulatto wife. Finding his domestic income not quite equal to his expenses, he decided to apply for an increase in salary. So he wrote a letter to the committee in charge with this explanation at the close: "It's mighty hard to keep a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary."

A GLOWING DESCRIPTION

The Saturday Evening Post tells of a New Yorker, one of the native-born type, who saw Niagara Falls for the first time.

He looked the falls over very carefully and returned to his hotel.

"Well, what do you think of it for a wonderful sight?" he was asked.

"I'll say," said the New Yorker, without undue enthusiasm, "that she certainly throws a mean leap."

Baron Byng's Visit

THE Alberta Military Institute gave a dinner on Tuesday evening, July 4th, in honor of His Excellency Baron Byng of Vimy, governor-general of Canada. The H.B.C. Calgary store was especially honored in that this dinner was held in our Elizabethan dining room.

More than 200 officers and ex-officers were gathered in the room, which had been remarkably well decorated by James B. Neal, display manager. Especially notable were these decorations in view of the fact that Mr. Neal was compelled to put them in very hurriedly owing to pressure of work during the July clearance sales.

The profusion of colors in the numerous flags hung about the room and in the table decorations made a very fitting setting for the uniformed guests, especially those of the staff.

An unusual feature of this banquet was the broadcasting of the governor-general's speech, as he delivered it, by means of microphones concealed in the table decorations and connected with the broadcasting room of the Calgary *Herald*. It is believed that this is the first time this experiment has been tried in Western Canada, and it was very successful, as many people throughout the city and its environs

were enabled to listen to the short but pithy speech.

In answering the toast proposed in his honor by Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Redman of the 10th Battalion, Baron Byng said:

"Thank you, gentlemen. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I know what you mean, and I hope that you know what I mean. I want to tell you tonight about the empire as I, an Englishman, look at it. John Ruskin understood the empire and what it stands for as well as, if not better than, most people, and I would read to you a short extract of what he said at one of the greatest gatherings in London:

> *There is a destiny now possible for us—the highest ever set before a nation—to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern, and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now betray or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in inheritance of honour, bequeathed through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice, so that Britishers, if it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending people alive. Within the last few years we have had the laws of natural science opened to us with a rapidity which has been blinding in its brightness, and means of transit and communication given to us which have made one kingdom of the habitable globe.*

"I think that is rather a fine description of the empire," said Baron Byng. "What we want is people with a firmness to govern and the grace to obey. When we look about the conglomeration of nations, with their different ideals, creeds and customs, isn't that the cry everywhere, 'The firmness to govern and the grace to obey'."

It is only fitting that the governor-general of the Dominion should be entertained in the dining room of the old Company, which at one time almost was the government of Western Canada in itself, inasmuch as it supplied, controlled and directed practically all industries and practically all activities. We trust that whenever Baron Byng visits cities in which there are H.B.C. branches he will take advantage of Hudson's Bay hospitality.

Miss Wadlow, of the corset department, spent her vacation at the coast this year and reports having had a great time.

Mrs. Graham, of the millinery department, left the service of the Company July 15th. It is reported that she is taking a responsible position in Saskatoon.

Miss Mooney, of the millinery department, visited her home in Vernon, B.C., last month.

Cricket Notes

THE H.B.C. cricket team, after a very poor beginning, has now found its stride. We lost our first three matches by narrow margins, but on Wednesday, July 12th, beat the Calgary Wednesday team, which is considered to be the strongest in the Wednesday league.

Olds C.C. were entertained by H.B.C. in June, and they returned the honors on July 5th, but owing to the July sales being in progress our team was not very well represented, many changes having to be made at the last minute, as the rush of business would not permit those already picked getting away.

Three cars were taken on the trip, that ever-good-sport, Ralph Mason, taking his, and A. B. Dowty, our fast bowler, also obliging. Ed. Battrum completed the procession, which left between eleven and twelve.

Luncheon was obtained at Crossfield, thirty miles away. The roads to Crossfield were in good shape, but on leaving there we were soon in trouble. Apparently all the grading outfits in Alberta were at work on our particular trail, yet we arrived at Olds at four o'clock in good shape, and the game commenced at 4.15. After we had

put the Olds boys out, we were invited to supper, which was served in the agricultural college and was enjoyed by everyone.

Apparently our boys ate too much, for they made a very poor showing with the bat. However, we all arrived in Calgary the same day, which is something of a record for these trips.

Our schedule calls for us to visit Olds again on August 2nd, and we hope to be able to take our best team then. In any event we are sure of an enjoyable time.

Baseball Notes

The first half of the store schedule finished on July 6th with the *Beavers* in undisputed possession of top place, and the *Tigers* and *Bearcats* tied for second position. Two games have been played in the second half, the *Tigers* and *Bearcats* winning at the expense of the *Beavers*, who slumped.

The league this year is better in every way, and too much cannot be said in praise of J. B. Neal, who is running it. He has not only spent all his time after store hours fixing up the grounds, but is now using the precious time of his vacation. His boast that he would have the finest diamond in the city out at the club grounds bids fair to be fulfilled.

The crowds are getting larger at each game, and great excitement prevails, as all three teams are well matched. The second half will be a "humdinger" with the *Tigers* and *Bearcats* fighting to get into the play-off and the *Beavers* trying to keep them out.

Injured fingers are now a common sight, Joe Spicer and Ward Dexter being the worst sufferers. Apparently they forget they are playing real ball instead of the indoor kind.

The language used by Sam McKellar to some of his team made them blush; but it did them good, judging from their showing in the last two games.

The "gang" was pleased to see E. L. Blake, the advertising manager, out at one of the games, and were impressed by his showing in the pitcher's box, especially after such a long lapse from the game. We bet he was a "Christy Mathewson" in his playing days, and hope we have not seen the last of him, as the *Bearcats* sure need a good pitcher.

It is reported that George Benson will not turn out now, as Sam McKellar persists in putting him on second base, and Sam sure has a wicked "peg" to second.

Fool question No. 1 (Oakley had just stopped a hot-liner with his bare hand): "Say Oakley, did that hurt your hand?"

Bob Hopkins, who started the season catching, had to be taken from that position as it was noticed too much dirt was being removed from behind the plate. Evidently Bob intends to get his "bushel" before he dies.

We are pleased to see Mr. R. Bamlett back again after his three weeks' sojourn for treatment with the Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minn.

Miss Adams, Miss Patton, Miss Meaker, Mr. King and Mr. Diamond, of the main floor, are all looking very fit and full of "pep" after their holidays.

Miss Jean McKay, of the glove department, is progressing very favorably after her operation for appendicitis. Her many friends wish her a speedy and complete recovery and hope she will be out of the Holy Cross hospital by the time this appears in *The Beaver*.

Leslie Howell has been transferred from the shipping department to the shoe department. We would remind him to always take the gentleman's shoe off before trying to "fit" him.

Miss Fraser has also been promoted to the sales staff in the shoe department.

Mr. Dudley plays a fine game of baseball, but he must learn to "steal" third base according to the rules of the game. He must not carry it home under his shirt or we will have to get Kitson to play third and stop him "stealing."

Mr. Higgins, Mr. Dowty, Mr. Cunliffe and Mr. Kitson had a very successful fishing trip to Sheep creek. Mr. Dowty gave them "some" drive, by all accounts. Trees, barbed wire, ditches

and rivers were all the same to him. Mr. Higgins was seen to enter his apartment encased in a box. Was it because the fish had been biting too much or did Mr. Dowty try to take the lizzie through a five-bar gate?

Quite a lot of new diamonds have made their appearance on the main floor. The shoe department in particular is sporting these rare stones. Dan Cupid must have been working overtime during the vacation season. But Mr. Diamond, of the dress goods department, says he has got the best "Diamond" of them all, and both wife and little girl are doing fine.

Country Travellers Resign

NOT all of us have occasion to know the country travellers on our staff, but all who do were sorry to see both Mr. Scott and Mr. MacDonald leave. Mr. Scott has been travelling for the tobacco department for the last five years and has many friends in the store. He expects to make his home in Blairmore, where he has commenced in business for himself.

Mr. MacDonald is better known to us all, as he has about ten years' service to his credit and has held many different positions. Perhaps he is best known in the position of superintendent, which position he held prior to going with the tobacco department. Mr. MacDonald and his wife are leaving shortly for California, where they expect to reside.

Who Were the Fishermen?

IT is reported that two gentlemen from the store, in secret, but whether in the dark or not we do not know, attempted to lure some innocent fish out of the waters of the Bow river. For their nefarious purpose they selected an appropriate spot and began to work.

Providence must have been exercising especial care over her scaly charges on that day, however, because even the best advertised and most expensive kind of bait failed to entice the fish away from the food ordinarily provided in the muddy waters of the river.

We assume from the foregoing that there is very little connection between the piscatorial and accounting arts.

L. L. Stephens

New Grocery Manager

Mr. L. L. Stephens has recently been appointed manager of the wholesale and retail grocery departments. He is an old-country man with 18 years' Canadian experience, having filled successfully similar positions with the Regina Trading Company, the J. F. Cairns Company of Saskatoon and, more recently, with Ramsey Limited at Edmonton. He already has many friends among the members of the Calgary staff.

Wedded

A WEDDING of considerable interest to the members of the staff took place at St. Stephen's church, Saturday, July 8th, at 9.30 p.m., when Miss Louise MacLauchlan became the bride of E. C. Brown. A large number of the H.B.C. staff were present at the ceremony. After a reception held at the home of the bride's parents, the young couple left for Banff and Lake Louise, where they spent their honeymoon. Miss MacLauchlan has for the past three years been on the staff of the mail order section and Mr. Brown has worked in the shipping department for about the same length of time, where he is now head country shipper.

T. J. F. McKeown

New Assistant Superintendent

Mr. T. J. F. McKeown, for the past few months superintendent of the mail order department, has been appointed assistant superintendent of the store, to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Mr. Cunningham. As noted in a previous issue of *The Beaver,* Mr. McKeown is an old H.B.C. man, and has had considerable experience and responsible positions with business firms both in Canada and across the line. He was at one time advertising manager of the Calgary *Herald* and later filled the same position with this branch of the Company.

Mr. W. G. Cunningham, for several years connected with the Calgary branch of the Hudson's Bay Company, first in the home furnishing departments and for the past few years as assistant superintendent, has been promoted and transferred to the Edmonton branch as superintendent. Mr. Cunningham has many friends in the Calgary staff, and they all wish him the greatest of success.

Miss Jessie Wordie, of the accounting office, recently left the service of the Company to accept a position elsewhere. Miss Wordie has been with this branch for the past three years, during which time she has enjoyed several well-earned promotions. We all wish her every success in her new position.

The departure of Miss J. Wordie has occasioned several promotions in the accounting office. Miss Z. Johnson has taken over the duties of Miss Wordie; Miss Hampton has been promoted to the position previously occupied by Miss Johnson; while Miss Charlotte Lind, of the audit office, has been transferred to the accounting office, and Miss F. Millet, of the cashiers' department, is transferred to the audit office.

Miss B. Bordeaux, for the past year employed in the tobacco department, left recently on an extended trip to Long Beach, California, where she may eventually permanently reside.

Success for July Sales

THE store's great July sales opened June 29th, in time to accommodate the visitors to the Calgary exhibition, which was held June 30th to July 7th. In spite of the general uncertainty in business circles in Alberta, this sale was very successful.

The store was well decorated in the sale colors, mallori blue, and the sales force and everyone connected with the store were on the alert to take care of customers in the best possible manner.

In connection with the exhibition, two displays were arranged for. One of these, in the Arts building, was composed of a complete showing of the Donalda family of musical instruments, especially featuring the new Baby Grand piano.

The instruments were very well arranged in the space provided to show their beautiful design and finish to the best advantage. The background of the display was of purple plush decorated with embroidered tapestry and was divided into sections by white pillars. Oriental rugs were strewn on the floor, which enhanced the richness of the display. A radio receiving set was installed at this exhibit for showing to visitors.

Much interest was shown by visitors to the exhibition in the prize drawing contest, in which a person merely had to write his name and address on a specially provided blank in order to secure a number in the draw for a $130 Donalda phonograph. The drawing itself was held the last day of the exhibition and, contrary to the old saying about odd numbers being lucky, No. 1402 took the prize. Ten other prizes were offered also, in the form of merchandise credits to the value of $10, to be applied on purchase of a Donalda instrument.

The other display was held in the Industrial building, and the feature of this was a remarkable showing of Hudson's Bay Company's merchandise, including a beautiful dining room set and a living room set, and another showing the latest fashionable apparel.

A booth was provided for the demonstration of H.B.C. quality teas, and this seemed to be very popular, especially among the ladies.

Many exhibition visitors took advantage of the opportunity to visit the store during the exhibition week, and there were large numbers of people in nearly every day.

The second week of the July clearance sales was made notable by two special features—"Half Price Half Day" on July 12th and "Dollar Day" on July 14th. Both these features proved to be exceptionally popular with the Calgary public.

Much credit is due to the staff of the store for the enthusiastic manner in which it got behind plans for the sale and the energy with which it went after business.

EDMONTON

Baseball Battles

OUR celebrated ball tossers took a jaunt to the big town of Duffield, 42 miles west of Edmonton by automobile trail, and administered a 9 to 5 trimming to the home nine Saturday, June 24th. The day was one chosen by the people for their big sports. A grand blending of foot races, jumps, horse races, tugs-of-war, and then the baseball game as a fitting climax to a grand day.

The people must have come from within a radius of about 30 or 40 miles, judging by the numbers on hand, and a finer lot of fair-minded sportsmen it would be hard to find anywhere.

General manager F. F. Harker, at the request of the home team, officiated as umpire, and so capably did he fill the role that there was not a single dispute during the progress of the game, which is very unusual for a town team, as anyone who has been there knows.

The game developed into one of those "nip and tuck" affairs that are good to watch, with the Duffield nine holding the lead till the lucky (as it turned out) eighth, when the boys went on a real oldtime batting spree, driving in enough runs to put the game "on ice."

Godfrey for H.B.C. had about everything needed, and was master of the batters nearly all the way, while Coleman, receiving, upheld him in fine style and was very conspicuous by his pegging to the bases, picking the runners off second or third as often as they tried the steal.

After the game the ladies of the town served a splendid lunch in the shade of the old poplar trees, after which all set out for the old home town, leaving Duffield with a very good impression of the good people there.

The return game was played with Duffield on our own diamond on Saturday, July 8th. Rain fell during the early afternoon, making it look for a time as though it was good-bye ball game; but Old Sol came out after a bit and, though the grounds were soft, we had a real fast game.

The boys were met at the station and piloted around town, winding up at a theatre, after which they were entertained to lunch, and then friendship ceased and the battle began. Mr.

Harker again acted as high chief of the ball field. Bell, twirling for Duffield, was away off form. After having pitched such a nice game at home, we were looking for real opposition here; but 'twas not to be, for the boys pelted the pill to all corners of the lot, while they could do nothing with the slants dished up by Geddes for the H.B.C. boys. Murray Coleman again shone behind the bat, while, in the field, Sibbets at third, Rankin at short, Crewe at second and "Home Run" Baker at first shone at one time or another with spectacular plays.

The final score was 4 to 1; but there were many doubters around who figured that the scorer needed a little schooling in the art of adding. Howsoever that may be, we had a fine time, and received a hearty invitation to another trip to Duffield.

Social Topics

Changes never happen singly, so it seems. This is again demonstrated by three department heads leaving in as many weeks. Something like a thunderbolt struck the store when it was learned that *Mr. McKenzie,* assistant manager, was leaving. It is with deep regret that we heard of this, and the whole staff join in wishing him success in his future career.

Mr. Harvey, manager of the economy department and furniture, also severed his connection with the Company to start in business for himself.

Mr. Robinson, department manager of the drug and toilet goods, has resigned, leaving for Montreal, where he has accepted an important position in a like capacity with the Henry Morgan company.

Mr. Graham, dispenser, of the drug department, has succeeded Mr. Robinson temporarily as department manager of the drugs, toilet goods and stationery.

Mr. H. Hollands, cashier, a short time ago received his medal for long service (15 years). Mr. Holland entered the service in 1907 and has remained steadfastly in the Company's employ ever since.

There is still another oldtime employee, Mr. J. Prest, advertising manager, who came to the store even before that date. He was engaged as window trimmer and advertising manager in 1905, but left the Company's employ for a period of two years (1914 and 1915), thereby equalizing the length of service. The store staff at that time consisted of twenty only. Neither of these two employees have been absent from business a half day during the whole of this time except on yearly vacations.

Miss E. Drew is the new stenographer in the advertising office. We are pleased to welcome her to our ranks.

Miss Hattie Stephens has returned, after three weeks' vacation with friends. While away she visited Montreal, Boston, New York and Chicago.

Mr. Cunningham, assistant superintendent of the Calgary store, has been appointed superintendent of the Edmonton store, taking up the duties of Mr. McKenzie, who recently left to start in business for himself.

The economy depot on the fifth floor will now be operated jointly by Messrs. Briggs, Pallet, Chasey, Secord and Hughes, and odd lots of merchandise, together with special purchase lines, will be continued in this bargain department as previously under Mr. Harvey's supervision.

Miss Ada Larson has been promoted from cashier to the office staff.

Mr. Secord, department manager of the ladies' ready-to-wear, is away in the eastern markets buying for fall.

Mr. Chasey, department manager of the men's and boy's clothing, is once again on the job after many weeks of sickness.

Miss K. A. Stephens is a new arrival at the store, and has been placed in the ready-to-wear section. Another new arrival is Miss Wood in the candy department. We welcome both these employees to the store.

Transfers—Miss Lee to the ladies' shoe department. Miss Marshall to the notions department and Miss Hobson to the Kodak department.

Miss Bennett, of the merchandise office, is away on vacation visiting Vancouver and Victoria.

LADIES' MERCANTILE BASKETBALL LEAGUE
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TEAM, 1922

Back row—Hazel Barker, Rose Tidsbury and Cecilia Brisette.
Seated—May Megahy, Doris McLeod (captain), and Violet Blatchford.
Front row—Ethel Soley and Gladys Barker.

LADIES' BASKETBALL

KEEN interest is being shown in the ladies' mercantile basketball league, in which no less than ten teams have entered. Four league matches are played each week on the grounds of the H.B.C. athletic association, and are witnessed by big crowds of spectators.

The standing of the teams to date is as follows:

Teams (Section A)	Played	Won	Lost	Points
Telephone Head Office	5	5	0	10
Johnstone Walkers	3	1	2	2
Revillions	6	1	5	2
Provincial Government	2	1	1	2
South Side	2	1	1	2
Teams (Section B)				
Hudson's Bay Co.	5	5	0	10
Telephone operators	5	2	3	4
City Dairy	2	1	1	2
Ramsey Limited	2	0	2	0
Y.W.C.A.	2	0	2	0

A handsome cup is being presented by the Hudson's Bay Company to the winning team at the end of the series.

DARKY VERSION

Lord Babbington was instructing a new colored servant in his duties, adding, "Now, Zeke, when I ring for you, you must answer me by saying, 'My lord, what will you have?' "

A few hours afterward, having occasion to summon the servant, his lordship was astonished with the following: "My Gawd, what does you want now?"

Early Days of Edmonton

—Depicted by Historical Pageant at Government House

AN event of great interest to newcomers to the city and oldtimers alike was recently held on the beautiful grounds of the government house. Early days were realistically depicted and faithfully carried through the intervening periods up to the present time.

Mr. F. F. Harker, manager of the H.B.C. Edmonton store, was asked by the committee to cooperate and to take the lead by furnishing the men and material, owing to the early days being truly and solely the period of the Company's regime.

The section of the pageant furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company started from the time Fort Edmonton was built in 1796.

The big parade formed at the rear of the H.B.C. store and consisted of the following:

Military band
1796—Standard bearer with H.B.C. flag.
1796—Chief factor.
1796—Two chief traders.
1796—Garrison of Fort Edmonton (25 men).
1796—Drummer and piper of Fort Edmonton.
1796—Indians in full war paint.
1860—Three original old Red River carts.
1865—Party of Saskatchewan gold miners, depicting the gold stampede of that time.
1870—Detachment of Royal Northwest Mounted Police, depicting their arrival in Edmonton.
1875—Prairie schooners, depicting the coming of the first settlers.
1885—Edmonton's first stage coach.

This part of the pageant was organized under Mr. Jack Prest's direction. The costumes worn were exact duplicates of the originals for the various periods. Fortunately the Mallabar costumers of Winnipeg had everything necessary to equip fully the men taking part in the parade, as the costumes were made specially for the big historical pageant during the 250th anniversary

celebration of H.B.C. held two years ago.

On arrival at the grounds the parade headed for the flag pole flying the Hudson's Bay Company's flag, the two original cannons mounted on the bastions at Fort Edmonton in 1810 again doing silent duty at each side of the flag. Here the oldtime ceremony of smoking the peace pipe was enacted, with Mr. McKenzie (assistant manager) as chief factor and Jack Fraser as Indian chief. After this ceremony a trading scene was enacted. Mr. B. Crockett and Mr. P. A. Stone acted as chief traders. Last, but not least, the old-time Red River reel was danced to the tune of the fiddle by four charming young ladies from the store, in costume, and four men also from the store in the picturesque blanket *capotes* worn by the H.B.C. men at that time.

Those who took part in the pageant were as follows:

Chief factor—Mr. McKenzie.
Chief traders—Messrs. B. Crockett and P. A. Stone.
Standard bearer—Mr. Sweet.
Garrison of Fort Edmonton—Messrs. Price, Kennedy, Angel, Douglas, Ogilvie, McVicar, T. Crockett, P. Plowman, Cogill, Berget, Fleming, Paul, Roberts, Howes, Jacob, Hussel and J. Prest.
Gold miners—Messrs. Belland, Edwards, Ockenden and Marsh.
Red River reel—Doris McLeod, Doris Nelson, Belle McLean, Marie Borwick and Messrs. Douglas, Plowman, Sweet and Prest.
Prairie schooner (early settlers)—Mr. J. Henry, Mabel Pilling, Jean Wray and Nellie Sale.
Red River carts (drivers)—Messrs. Hall, Booth and Thompson.

The above are all members of the H.B.C. Edmonton store staff.

It is needless to say the publicity, from an advertising standpoint, was inestimable, and words of praise were many, for without the whole hearted co-operation promised by the management the pageant would not have been feasible.

SASKATOON

Baseball

ON a Wednesday half-holiday last month the married men and single men engaged in a lively game of baseball which culminated in a 11-10 win for the married men. Considering that it was the first game in which many of the players had participated for several years, a good brand of ball was provided to the members of the staff who journeyed to Cairns' field to see the performance.

Enough comedy was supplied to provide amusement for everyone. Mr. F. K. Vandrick, manager of the wholesale-depot, called the balls and strikes, while Mr. A. E. Dodman filled the role of base umpire. Despite numerous close decisions the umpires emerged from the fray without physical molestation. Following is the line-up:

Married Men	*Single Men*
1 b.—Bentley	1 b.—Townsend
2 b.—Faulkner	2 b.—Cuff
S.s.—Smith	3 b.—Dunn
3 b.—McNichol	R.f.—McKenzie
R.f.—McClocklin	C.f.—Ling
L.f.—Edmunds	L.f.—Rundle
C.f.—Wakeford	P.—Campbell
P.—Chubb and Bentley	C.—Hurling
C.—Finley	

NOTES OF THE GAME

J. S. Smith, general manager, started a double play in the fifth inning just when the pitcher was in a tight fix.

If the ball had hit the ground before coming over the plate, Wakeford's batting average would have been .1000.

Why did Rundle rub his arm? That was not where the ball hit him.

Wasn't that a pretty unassisted double play that Chubb put across?

The grocerymen have issued a challenge to the married men. That should be a real game.

The opposition store seems to want a game. We will be glad to accommodate them at any time.

By the way, Mr. Harris would like to know who is the northern ready-to-wear buyer who seemed so fond of Boston baked beans?

WHAT ELSE COULD HAPPEN?

"This is a very sad case, very sad indeed," said the doctor. "I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone."

"I'm not a bit surprised," answered the husband. "She has been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen years."

THE HINDOO

The poor benighted Hindoo
He does the best he kindoo,
From first to last
He keeps his caste,
And for pants he makes his skindoo.

Retail Store Notes

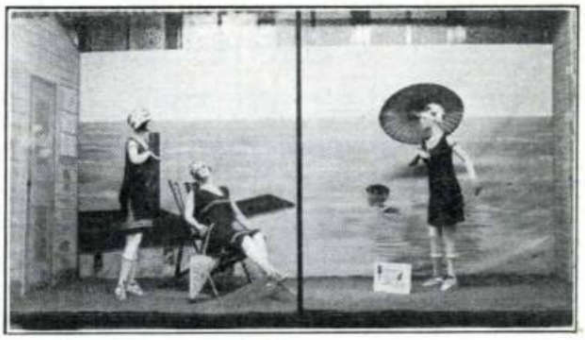
Keen interest is manifest in the July sales competition in progress as these notes are written. The competition consists of three events: The floor competition, the department competition and the salesperson competition. At the time of writing third floor is in first place in the floor competition, with the furniture department leading in the department competition. Mr. Nelson, of the furniture department, was well in the lead in the salesperson competition.

Owing to the Saskatoon fair being held July 17 to 22, the July sales close July 22nd. In previous years there had been very good business in Saskatoon during the week of the fair. This is the reason for continuing the July sales for a period of three weeks.

As a feature of special interest to out-of-town customers a plan of refund of railway fares has been arranged for the week of the fair.

The magnificent exhibit of H.B.C. merchandise in the automobile building at the exhibition should prove a very effective piece of advertising for the Hudson's Bay Company. A photo of this exhibit will appear in the next issue of *The Beaver*.

Mr. A. E. Dodman, of the merchandising office, was a visitor at Saskatoon last month. We are always glad to see Mr. Dodman, as he was one of the first H.B.C. officials the staff of the Saskatoon store had the pleasure of meeting.



One of the attractive feature windows of the Hudson's Bay Saskatoon store last month, decorated by Mr. McGregor.

Messrs. Hummitch, Horniblow and Harris, respective managers of the shoe, furniture and ready-to-wear departments, have recently returned from the eastern markets.

Mr. McGregor, display manager, spent a week in the city hospital. The whole staff joins in wishing him a speedy recovery. "Mac" has made many friends for himself since coming to Saskatoon.

Miss Bullock, of the jewelry department, returned recently from a visit at her home in Ontario. She says the west looks good to her.

August 9th will be an eventful day in the life of Mr. Rowley, assistant decorator and card writer. On that day he will surrender his freedom and join the ranks of the benedicts.

We would like to know just what happened Miss Parsons, the country order shopper, the other day when she tried to make a "slide" out of the stairway. Is business so rushing in the country order section that she cannot take the time to walk down the stairs?

ABSENT-MINDED

The two most absent-minded men on record are: The man who thought he left his watch at home and then took it out to see if he had time to go back and get it.

The man who put on his office door a card saying, "Out. Will be back in ten minutes," and on his return sat down on the steps to wait for himself.

Mary had a little cat;
It ate a ball of yarn,
And when the little kittens came,
They all had sweaters on.

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

AFTER almost three years' service, Mrs. Mars, of the ready-to-wear department, has had to resign, owing to ill health. We hope that after following her physician's advice and spending several months in California Mrs. Mars will make a rapid and complete recovery. The best wishes of the employees are extended to her.

Baseball at the club house is becoming very popular. The games displayed by our amateur ball players are indeed wonderful. Our feminine "Babe Ruth" making home runs is the club's delight.

James Young, as first baseman, believes that catch-as-catch-can should apply when ladies are batting. This must be the result of his having taken up dancing so enthusiastically.

Since we have a piano down at the club house, a new tone is apparent in our festive times.

Miss Thomas, of the ready-to-wear department, who recently arrived from Winnipeg, received a hearty welcome and has entered with a friendly spirit into our store family.

It is rumored that some couples have a habit of taking out a canoe and getting lost—that is for a long time. It is being arranged to charge these people for the canoe by the hour. Who are they?

A good store maxim—Make your daily tasks your hobby and they will never become tiresome.

On the first visit of Miss Thomas to our summer boat house, she was much surprised, when Mr. Walton took her for a canoe ride, to find the water was wet.

Have you seen the rocks at Frank Slide? Maybe you have seen the sparkling rock that Miss Martin is wearing these days. P. K. Sangster is the lucky man, and he shows his good judgment in going after the "Seal of Quality." Congratulations are in order and the best wishes of the staff are offered for their future.

VERNON, B.C.

YE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES?

Two men,
A dog;
A week-end hike
From Vernon, up
To Haddo Lake,
In wilds
Of God's B.C.

The heat,
Good Land!
Mosquitoes—phew!
They fairly drummed
With glee.

A raft,
A pole,
A coachman fly;
And trout,
Six score, you see.

—*R.W.*

Mr. Lanceley, of the dry goods department, facetiously complains that nightgowns have become very fashionable for day wear in the office.

Miss Roberta Covington, of the office staff, was back visiting the old home town recently—Slocan City. She says the "hicks" are still there round the stove and beside the cuspidor in the grocery store, arguing how the country should be run.

The annual stampede takes place in Vernon on August 3rd and 4th. A popularity contest for carnival queen is under way. Miss Kate Redgrave, of the boot department, has been chosen as the H.B.C. candidate. We are all out to have Kate win.

They have come and gone like a waft of spring—Messrs. Benjamin and Scroggins, Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. Dodman.

We are pleased to see Miss May and Miss Violet Pout back in Vernon on holiday. The old "burg" still looks good to them, and, if we might mention it, they look good to the old "burg."

Manager Barnett and all-round-man Lanceley are liable to go "nutty" thinking up those weird advertising stunts to stimulate the sluggish business conditions. Mr. Lanceley has already "taken the count" once.

We take off our hats to the girls who retain their smiles and pleasant manner during these excessively hot spells. It is also noted that the smiles become more pronounced when nearing Mr. Master's new icicle department.

Here's to a more successful marketing of this season's apple crop. We are all aching to see a little real money to go after again. Watch our turnover turn over when we get the chance.

Smoke-screens are much in evidence these days. If they get much thicker we'll not be able to distinguish georgette dresses from bathing suits, although the latter are much more modest.

Utopia—a place where there is no difficulty in getting uniform inventories and classifications from all branches.

Miss Kate Smith, from Vancouver, made a great hit with the management and department heads during her recent short visit. We wish her a pleasant and successful trip to Europe and a safe return. It may have been just "blarney," but we think she took a liking to Vernon.

VANCOUVER

HOW TO RUN A CAR

There is in circulation what purports to be an English translation of the Japanese rules of the road for motor cars posted in the central police station of Tokyo for the benefit of English-speaking visitors to the city. It deserves the widest possible publicity, for it is couched in such language as will impress it on the memory of all motor car drivers. Here it is:

"First—At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly.

"Second—Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

"Third—When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning 'Hi-Hi.'

"Fourth—Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

"Fifth—Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

"Sixth—Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

"Seventh—Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

"Eighth—Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie-up."

We suggest that drivers inclined to be careless cut this out and paste it on the windshield, where they can see it all the time.

Nelson

LORD Rosebery says that it is because Nelson was treated indifferently by the reign-of-law men throughout his life, and his memory slighted by them after his death, that his name is beloved wherever the British flag flies. None of the "authorities" bothered much about him. He set out to his last command, to his glory and his death, without a representative from king or government to wish him Godspeed. But the "common people" crowded around him, kissed his hands and the hem of his garments as he passed to his ships.

And his memory? I cannot do better than quote dear old "Jacky" Fisher.

"With his dying breath, in the hour of the greatest of sea victories, he asked his country to provide for his friend, who had nursed and tended him . . . She died in penury and found a pauper's grave in a foreign land. A passing Englishman paid her funeral expenses. It makes one rise up and say 'DAMN.'"
—*The Sailor.*

A Day on an Ocean Greyhound

By W. H. SHARPE

PROVIDED one is a fairly good sailor, I know of no finer experience than a day on a modern ocean liner, and, when the Ss. *Cedric* started out of port, I made up my mind that I was going to enjoy it to its fullest extent.

The first day out, Sunday, gave me a chance to get my sea legs, and by Monday, when I looked out, I found that we had already run into quite a change of climate. The sea was smooth as glass, and a bright warm sun, even in February, made it so comfortable that overcoats were superfluous.

At 7 a.m. the steward put his head into my cabin and announced my bath was ready, and, after the luxury of an invigorating hot sea-water bath, I took a turn or two around the deck in order to get an appetite for breakfast.

Breakfast on the *Cedric* is always announced by a butler, and I must say that his cheery notes were always a most welcome sound.

At the breakfast table a copy of the *Ocean Times,* a smart little newspaper published on board, is placed on each passenger's plate, and it keeps one posted to date on the doings of the outside world.

Breakfast over and a turn or two around the deck, games are being brought out, such as shuffle board, deck quoits, etc., and some very spirited contests are indulged in. Then, as twelve o'clock approaches, if one is at all of a speculative mind, there is much interest as to how many miles the ship has run, and who has won the "pool" on the day's run.

The "pool" is a sweepstake, each entrant taking a number, and the one holding the number corresponding to the amount of the day's run takes the pool.

At 1 o'clock the butler again appears and announces lunch and, if you have taken active part in the morning games, his call is quickly responded to.

Lunch over, one can find a number of less strenuous pastimes to while away a pleasant hour. There is a fine library on board, cards, and other games, or a lounge on deck in the sun.

At four o'clock there is a general rush for afternoon tea, and the whole ship seems to settle down to a lazy time 'til the butler once more announces time to dress for dinner.

Dinner on an ocean liner is more than a meal. It is a social gathering—the one meal of the day that is taken leisurely and without any attempt to get through it quickly.

After dinner one can retire to the lounge and leisurely take a cup of coffee and a cigarette while listening to the ship's orchestra. After a while there may be a concert or dancing, and I always found that I could retire to my cabin early and sleep quite soundly, tired out with the day's exercise, till the steward once more puts his head round the corner and announces that another day has begun.

W. J. McLaughlin, manager of dress goods and silk departments, left on his semi-annual visit to the eastern markets on Saturday, July 15th.

FISH STORIES

By F. S. Garner

MANY fine stories have been published by *The Beaver* about fishermen and fish, but even yet not half has been told.

There are all kinds of fishermen, just as there are all kinds of fishing places. Fishing in the Capilano recently with H.B.C. Vancouver fishing tackle, a friend of the writer caught a fourteen-pound steelhead. He played with it for nearly three hours and, when almost at the state of exhaustion, had the grand and glorious feeling of landing him.

The Fisher of the Deep Sea

Enjoys a different experience, in accordance with where he fishes. It isn't so much the weight of the fish as the variety or specimen which interests him, and he comes across many species which the stream and lake fisher never sees.

For instance, he'll catch the pouch fish, which is provided with an elastic stomach. Food is scarce in the places where he dwells, and, as he has to make one meal last a long time, he takes a good one when he can. Thanks to his large throat and his accommodating stomach, he can swallow with ease a fish twice as large as himself!

Then there is the black groper, whose mouth is so huge that he must be in constant danger of turning inside out. He lies on the bottom, opens his mouth and awaits his prey.

The lantern fish is provided with a row of luminous discs along each of his sides. As he swims he looks something like a ship with a row of illuminated port-holes. One of his cousins has eyes that grow on stalks four or five inches long, and, as he lives in the ocean's deepest

places, each eye is provided with a tiny lamp which throws a long beam.

Even rivers have their freaks. A fish found in South America likes to lie on the surface of the water. His eyes are placed at the top of his head; but, to enable him to see both above and below at the same time, they have double lenses.

DONT'S FOR H.B.C. SALES STAFF

Don't neglect the small sale; it may lead to a big one tomorrow.

Don't sell goods for the mere sake of making a book. Sell so that your customers will be pleased to come back to you.

Don't be too eager to quote the price of your merchandise. Endeavor to create the desire in your customer's mind, first by describing the quality, beauty, construction, etc., then the price.

Don't neglect a waiting customer. If already engaged, give the waiting one a smile and call another salesman forward, or, if all are busy, say you will attend to her in a moment. If you don't do anything else at least give a smile of welcome.

Don't force your opinion too much. Rather lead your customer to your way by thorough knowledge of your merchandise.

Don't neglect your stock. A clean and well cared for stock means less stock credits.

Don't bring forward your new stock before entirely cleaning the previous month's or year's numbers. Watch your season letter and month number. Do this and give your department a clean inventory.

Don't neglect "previous" goods. Catalogue them in your mind and constantly *push, push, push.*

Don't take for granted that a customer is merely looking around. Give her immediate attention. The majority will appreciate your zeal.

Don't allow a customer to leave your department without introducing some other line of merchandise, or suggesting she visit some other department in the store.

Don't say, "Is there anything else?" Suggest something that may appeal. Thousands of dollars are spent through suggestion.

Don't say, "May I send this for you?" If it is a small parcel, say, "Will you take it with you?" The suggestion will invariably carry.

Don't give more or less than 36 inches to the yard or 16 ounces to the pound. Give the customer full value but not more. Then both the customer and the Company are getting a square deal.

Don't use large sheets of paper or envelopes for small parcels. Small ones are provided for the purpose.

Don't put string twice round a parcel if once will do.

Don't knock. Be a booster for your store, your manager, your buyer, your merchandise. If you have a kick, register it in the right quarter; don't suffer in silence. The H.B.C. want loyal, happy and contented employees.

Don't fail to be courteous to all and at all times. Courtesy is the "golden thread in the weave of life."

Don't make any promises you are not sure you can fulfill.

Don't misrepresent your merchandise; be honest in all your statements.

Don't direct a customer to another department unless you are sure the article she is asking for is in that department. Misdirected customers seldom come back.

Don't forget that you are the direct representatives of the H.B.C. and that the Company look to you to uphold the prestige, reputation and dignity of the name HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

Don't be content to stay in your present position; fit yourself for the one above. There is a wonderful opportunity in the Company's service for promotion. *Keep climbing.*

The Romance in Rings

By F. S. GARNER

NO article of jewellery means so much as the ring, chiefly because its most important use is to pledge one's troth, and later to bind oneself to another in holy matrimony.

But the ring has woven round it many legends which date back many centuries. Rings were in use 1600 B.C. They were collected by the basketful on the battlefields during the second Punic wars, and today women of all races accept and treasure them.

We moderns are more restrained in our wearing of rings than were the ancients. At least one great Italian invariably wore sixteen at a time, while a Roman emperor prided himself on never wearing the same ring twice. In those days gold rings could only be worn by freedmen, or those with an income equivalent to a modern four thousand a year. Millionaire Romans seem to have worn rings on the principle we apply to underwear. They had rings for different seasons, heavy circlets for winter and lighter for summer use. Their wives wore, as a matter of course, rings with a small key attached, these serving to show a position of authority.

The Greeks esteemed rings as highly as the Romans, and had different sets for every week

in the year. In Anglo-Saxon times gold rings were the sign-manual of nobility, and the third finger was spoken of as the "gold-finger."

In days of old, rings, as our national collections show, were made in many ways, some being cut out, others forged or hammered. At one time betrothal rings were invariably made of iron set with lodestone to typify a mutual surrender of liberty. Ordinary rings were then frequently given as birthday presents, and as St. Valentine gifts. Another favorite use for a ring was commemorative. Queen Victoria ordered no fewer than six dozen to be engraved with her likeness that she might distribute them among her court ladies upon her wedding day.

Referring to a much more recent event, it may be interesting to note that our own Princess Mary had her wedding ring expressly made for her of Welsh gold mined by hand from small holdings in Wales.

LEGS

Legs to the right of us,
Legs to the left of us,
Legs in front of us,
How they display them;
On they go trippingly,
Frost that bites nippingly
Does not dismay them.

Straight legs and bandy ones,
Bum legs and dandy ones,
Awkward and handy ones
Flirt with the breezes;
Round legs and fatter ones,
Skinny legs and flatter ones,
Specially the latter ones,
Showing their kneeses.

Knock-kneed and bony ones,
Real legs and phoney ones,
Silk-covered tony ones,
Second to none;
Straight and distorted ones,
Mates and ill-sorted ones,
Home and imported ones,
"Aint we got fun?"

VICTORIA

THE EXPERIMENT

The wife of the great botanist beamed at him across the supper table. "But these mushrooms," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish that had been set before her, "are not all for me, Aristotle, are they?"

"Yes, Mabel," he nodded. "I gathered them especially for you with my own hands."

She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear, unselfish husband he was! In five minutes she had demolished the lot.

At breakfast the next morning he greeted her anxiously. "Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly," she smiled.

"Not sick at all—no pains?" he pressed.

"Why, of course not, Aristotle," she responded.

"Hurrah!" he then exclaimed. "I have discovered another species of fungi that isn't poisonous."

Picnic at Deep Bay

THE H.B.C. summer picnic held on Wednesday, July the 12th, attended by over five hundred employees, relatives and friends, came as a fitting crown to the circle of social events of the past few months.

Leaving Victoria promptly at 1.45 o'clock, four cars of the B.C. Electric, well filled but not overcrowded, started for Deep Bay. In addition to the electric cars, a perfect army of private motor cars and H.B.C. delivery vans conveyed other picnickers and delicious refreshments to the point of destination.

Energetic workers had preceded the guests to Deep Bay, and upon arrival the fields were ready for the sports, while amid the beautiful trees in the background and shaded by green foliage from the hot summer sun long tables had been erected, and, following the programme of races, etc., the tired, hungry and thirsty crowd was overjoyed at the sight of the charmingly appointed supper tables, bowls of summer blooms adding their note of color to the white linen cloths, and a wide variety of dainties to tempt the guests' appetites, already stimulated by the fresh sea air and energy expended in the sports.

Field Day

The great event of the day was the programme of sports, which was for members of the company's staff, and judged by Mr. Porte, Mr. Pout, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Ambery. Mr. P. N. A. Smith spent a busy afternoon as clerk of the course, a role which he fulfilled most efficiently, while Mr. A. Haines, the starter and announcer, with his megaphone, was indefatigable. The grounds committee included the following members: Mr. Stark, Mr. Innes, Mr. McIntosh, Mr. J. Henderson, Mr. L. Hibberd and Mr. Weeks. The sports committee was composed of the following members: Mr. Lovatt, Mr.

Haines, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. E. Bayliss, Miss Roff, Miss Kiel, Miss Bailey and Mr. Mann. Those of the social committee were Miss McDougall, Mrs. Gleason, Miss Edie, Miss Burrodge, Miss Rolf, Mr. Waude, Mr. Humber, Mr. Ware, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Stark and Mr. Hibberd. Perhaps to Mr. T. Wilkinson, secretary of the H. B. Employees' Association, belongs the major share of the day's credit, for he, assisted by Mr. Mann, of the sports committee, and Mr. Hibberd, chairman of the social committee, was untiring in his efforts to make the event an outstanding date in the annals of the local branch's social history and must have been gratified in the results of his endeavors.

Events and Winners

The sports commenced directly the picnickers had assembled at Deep Bay, and the first race was for girls 12 to 15, 100 yards, the prize being a pair of shoes donated by Mr. Stewart and won by Miss Eileen Restall. The second prize was a silk camisole presented by Miss McLaren and won by Miss Ivy Butler.

Boys, 12 to 15, 100 yards—Prize, jacknife presented by Mr. Mowry and won by Roland Hibberd; second prize, roller skates given by Mr. Pollock and captured by Ernest Mowry.

Thread needle—First prize, fingering yarn (lady) given by Mrs. Abbott and won by Miss Mackenzie and Mr. F. Larcomb; second prize (men), 100 cigarettes given by Mr. Lovatt and won by Mr. and Mrs. Wharf.

Ladies, 100 yards—First prize, travelling bag presented by Mr. Porte and won by Miss Burridge; second prize, hand bag presented by Miss Workman and won by Miss Ferguson.

Junior girls, 6 years old—First, Edie Restell; second, Dorothy Stanhope; prizes, chocolates given by Mr. W. N. Smith.

Junior boys, 6 years old—First prize, Fred Hepton; second, Claude Fennell; prizes, chocolates given by Mr. W. N. Smith.

Sack race—Prize, Eversharp pencil given by Mr. Horne and won by Miss Burridge; second prize, framed picture given by Mr. Roberts and won by Mr. Stark.

Egg and spoon—First prize, perfume presented by Mr. Mann and won by Miss Lewis; second prize, powder and puff presented by Mr. Harrison and won by Miss Glass.

Nail driving—First prize, a mirror given by Mr. Gordon and won by Mr. Ernshaw; second prize, pair of gloves given by Mr. Martin and won by Miss Robb.

Girls 6 to 12—First prize, skipping rope, won by Mabel Hall; second, a ball, won by Norma McCullough and given by Mr. Sutcliffe.

Boys 6 to 12—First prize, a sweater given by Mr. Hibberd and won by Harold Watson; second prize, shoes given by Mr. Woollard and won by Dick McCullough.

Men's race, 100 yards—First prize, pipe and tobacco given by Mr. Pout and won by Mr. Waude; and second prize, a silver cigarette case presented by Mr. P. N. A. Smith and won by Mr. F. Richardson.

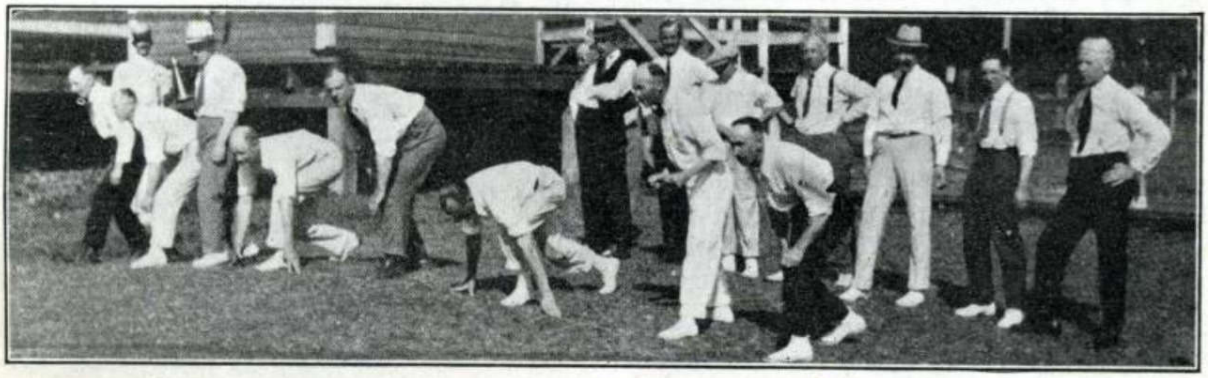
Wheelbarrow—First prizes lady, beaded bag given by Mr. Musgrove and won by Miss Knowles and Mr. E. Sewell, who was presented with a shirt by Mr. Hunter; second prize, lady, ten pounds sugar given by Mr. Tasker and won by Miss Mackenzie and Mr. F. Larcomb, who was presented with a cigarette holder by Mr. Campbell.

Necktie race—First prize, a set of neckwear given by Mr. Davidson and won by Miss Johnson and Mr. Sweeton; second prize, a knitted tie given by Mr. Stark and won by Miss McWha and Mr. J. Chambers.

Three-legged race—First prize, a camera presented by Mr. Edgcomb and won by Miss Burr and Mr. Richardson; second prize, a silver-buckled belt given by Mr. Wilkinson and won by Mrs. Steadman and Mr. Stewart.

Running broad jump—First prize, pipe given by Mr. Oliver and won by F. Richardson with a jump of 17 feet; second prize, 100 Players cigarettes given by Mr. Ambery and won by J. Chambers with a jump of 16 feet 7 inches.

Married women's race—First prize, cut glass dish given by Mr. Stanhope and won by Mrs. Hutchison; second prize, silk blouse length given



The Start of the Department Managers' 100-yard Dash.

by Mr. Florence and won by Mrs. Wharf; third prize, six pounds tea given by Mr. Watson and won by Mrs. Dunn.

Department managers—First, Mr. P. N. A. Smith; second, Mr. T. Wilkinson; and third, Mr. A. Mann (optional prizes).

Ladies' tug-of-war (eight a side)—Mr. Nichol's team, *The Ducks,* proved the winner, and was presented with handkerchiefs, the gift of Dr. R. L. Miller.

Prizes Presented

After the last event on the sports programme had been completed, accompanied by the most sincere and whole-hearted good-fellowship which was one of the most noticeable features of the entire outing, Mrs. G. A. H. Porte presented the prizes to the various winners, accompanying the act with a gracious little speech, and at the conclusion she and her husband were given three ringing cheers and a "tiger."

Later in the evening dancing took place on a raised platform, where a piano taken out in one of the vans was placed, and the happy holiday-makers ended their "perfect day" in a most harmonious manner.

Special cars were run to accommodate the guests, the last leaving Deep Bay at 10.20 o'clock, bringing back to town the same joyous crowd which had set forth so gaily in the early afternoon, with the additional recollection of a delightfully-spent summer's day, a gala day for the Hudson's Bay first summer picnic in Victoria.

Store Notes

Miss Grimason, our ready-to-wear buyer, who has recently returned from the eastern markets, visiting Toronto, Montreal and New York, is extremely optimistic as to the coming fall business.

Prior to her eastern trip, accompanied by Miss McLaren, buyer for the white-wear and blouse section, Miss Grimason spent a most enjoyable holiday on that palatial steamer, *Princess Louise,* sailing to Skagway.

Miss McLaren will visit the eastern markets during the first part of August, and Miss Workman, of the millinery department, also goes about the same time.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kay Robb, of the fur department, to whom we extend hearty felicitations.

On the evening of June 26th a very pleasant time was spent by the office girls at the home of Miss Violet Plummer.

The Musical Trio of the "Victorian" Restaurant, H.B.C. Victoria Store.

It's Up to You

WE suppose that, owing to the very warm weather and the prevalence of picnics and the hundred and one attractions which occupy the attention of Victorians just now, no time can be spared to send in news items for *The Beaver.*

But we do notice that every month there are about three hundred and fifty employees in the Victoria store all most anxious to secure a copy of our journal, and we could lay a bet that the first pages invariably read by the same three hundred and fifty are those referring to Victoria news.

Now, if you want to make *The Beaver* more interesting, send in your contributions. It's your paper, and its columns are open to all employees of the Company. If you hear anything of interest concerning Victoria store or any of your fellow employees let us know about it. If you have a suggestion to make, send it in. Let us all endeavor to make the next issue of *The Beaver* alive with Victoria news.

ON THE SPOT

Mrs. Severn: Yes, my husband goes out each evening for a little constitutional. Does yours?

Mrs. Jakes: No; he always keeps a drop of it in the house.

PHANTOM PROSPERITY

From his mode of life he was judged to be prosperous. His estate at death was valued at $10,000, mostly property—no life insurance. Enough, said his friends, to tide his widow over until the family were grown.

The times were unfortunate; the revenue from the estate was small and it could not readily be converted into cash. It took nearly three years to wind up, and then at a loss of about one third of its value. Three lean years, and a decided loss to his widow and children.

An estate in Life Insurance would have provided payment in full of its value in immediate cash or periodical payments. It has many other decided advantages. Let us send you further particulars.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D.30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG**

Century Old MARCEE M R C DE LUXE *Briar Pipes*

Each MARCEE M R C DE LUXE **pipe is subjected to a special hardening and seasoning process which extracts all moisture from the raw briar and therefore leaves it very much reduced in weight and its smoking qualities greatly improved. It is also finished in our Celebrated Dark Velvet Finish.**

A well selected stock will be found in all The HUDSON'S BAY DEPOTS

FACTOR Brand Work Shirts are produced expressly for the Hudson's Bay Company. They are made for real comfort and long wear. They contain many special features of advantage to the wearer which are not found in ordinary work shirts. Among these features are:

1. Ample room without undue bulk in the body lines.
2. Neat-fitting shoulder yoke and collar.
3. Extra roomy armpit and sleeve cut with a generous amount of material, not skimped like inferior quality shirts that bind and hinder freedom of action.
4. Placquet faced and buttoned vent at wrist.
5. Correct length for real comfort. FACTOR Brand comes either in the new coat style or closed front, with extra long three-button vent to facilitate taking off.
6. Gusset skirt.

FACTOR Brand Shirts come in a wide choice of materials suited particularly for wear by the mechanic, workman, farmer, rancher or sportsman. Select from the following the particular shirts that will meet your needs and order by number:

No. 101—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt of wool khaki flannel. Coat style. Turn down collar. Two bellows pockets. Each $3.50

No. 103—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt. Khaki moleskin. Coat style. Each $3.00

No. 105—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt. Black fleeced twill. Closed front. Breast pocket. Each $2.00

No. 106—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt. Grey cotton military flannel. Closed front. Breast pocket. Each $2.00

No. 108—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt. Superfine cotton khaki gabardine. Turned down collar. Faced breast pocket. Coat style. An ideal shirt for golf or any outdoor sport. Each $2.50

No. 109—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt. Neat blue grey pick and pick chambray in good medium weight. Closed front. Turned down collar. Breast pocket. Each $1.50

No. 110—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt. Extra heavy weight pick and pick chambray. Closed front. Breast pocket. Each $2.00

No. 112—FACTOR Brand Work Shirt. Super quality black mercerized sateen. Closed front. Breast pocket. Each $2.00